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THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK.

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THE
Canadian Birthday Book,

WITH

Poetical Selections

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

FROM CANADIAN WRITERS, ENGLISH
AND FRENCH.

"No eulogy to-day I bring
Of Canada's fair fate,
Her greatness coming years may sing,
'Tis ours to work and wait."

SERANUS.

Susie Frances Harrison
429617
15.11.44

TORONTO:
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, PUBLISHER, 5 JORDAN STREET,
1887.

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1887

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, by C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

O, Temps ! courant fatal, où vont nos destinées,
De nos plus chers espoirs, aveugle destructeur,
Sois béni ! car par toi nos amours moissonées,
Peuvent encore revivre, O grand consolateur !

Au découragement n'ouvrons jamais nos portes,
Après les jours de froid viennent les jours de Mai ;
Et c'est souvent avec ses illusions mortes,
Que le cœur se refait un nid plus parfumé !

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

SALUT à toi, riante année,
D'un nouvel an qui vient, d'éclore
À la parole du Seigneur !
Tant sourit à ton arrivée !
La plainte meurt inachevée
Sur les lèvres de la douleur,

As-tu quelque douce esperance ?
Quelque baume pour la souffrance
De tout malheureux qui périt ?
Un appui pour la pauvre veuve,
Pour l'orphéline qui s'abreuve
De pleurs aujourd'hui que tout rit ?

Hélas ! nos rapides années,
Ressemblent aux feuilles fanées,
Que les vents roulent au vallon.
On les cueillit pour une fête,
On en couronna notre tête,
Puis on foula du talon.

Qu'apportes-tu nouvelle année ?
Viens-tu de roses couronnées
Comme la Vierge des amours ?
Ta main tient-elle le calice,
Ou, bien la coupe de délices
Ou devront s'abreuver nos jours ?

—Léon Pamphile Lemay.

PREFACE.

The present compilation was not undertaken with the idea of giving to the literary public a complete anthology of Canadian verse. The necessarily limited space in a Birthday Book would prevent it from achieving that position.

Nevertheless, it will, I think, be conceded that, in default of such a work, the little book I have the honour to present to a Canadian public deserves to be welcomed as the only existing publication where, between the same covers, may be found carefully selected specimens of French and English Canadian verse.

To speak briefly of the selections themselves, they include any good, important, or suitable verse I could find from the year 1732, when Jean Taché published his *Tableau de la Mer* in Quebec, up to the present time—these latter days sweet with the impassioned singing of a Roberts and a Sangster; Chansons populaires, Chansons historiques, the New Year's Day couplets of the old journals, the verses inspired by a triad of rebellions, the published volumes of our more ambitious writers, from Michel Bibaud (1830), Adam Kidd, John Breakenridge, and Alex. McLachlan down to Mrs. Maclean, Miss Crawford, and Professor Roberts, representatives of the modern or post-Tennysonian school, the ephemeral and often beautiful contributions noted in the various ill-fated magazines that from time to time have struggled into existence and fallen out of it again in an incredibly short period—these are some of the sources from which have been drawn the contents of the following pages. Thomas D'Arcy McGee and the Hon. Joseph Howe, poets of the highest order as well as statesmen, are both represented. I have felt also that it would be not only courteous but a matter of great interest and value to us in Canada and to other countries, where I trust the book will go, to include some extracts from the fine group of poems suggested by Canadian subjects to that noble poet who has the interests of Canada so truly at heart—the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.C.M.G.; and I have ventured to take a similar liberty by including in my compilation some of Lord Dufferin's

verse—than whom Canada has no warmer friend—and also several stanzas from the pen of a cultured lady member of his household. In the famili name of Grant Allen will be recognised a scientific and philosophical writ who has also tried his hand—and it is no mere 'prentice one—at poetry.

Among the French writers is the well-known name of Louis Hono Fréchette. It will be, however, of interest for English readers to notice ho many excellent poets there are in Lower Canada besides M. Fréchette—wit' all due deference to his genius. The names of Léon Pamphile Lemay, Be jamin Sulte, Napoléon Legendre, and Octave Crémazie, are all names wor of the respect, admiration, and intimate acquaintance of every intellectu Canadian. James Donnelly and William Chapman are two French writers despite their English names. M. l'Abbé Caron and M. l'Abbé Gingras have both cultivated poetry, and most successfully.

With regard to the plan followed in placing the selections, it is evident that in such a compilation the chief point to be gained is this—that there shall be given for "every day in the year" a noble thought, an improving maxim, or a new idea. I found, however, if my selections were to embrace these and only these, that, though undoubtedly a correct and useful production, it might be proclaimed too didactic, too heavy, and too monotonous to suit all tastes. Again, I found some difficulty in procuring exactly Three Hundred and Sixty-five Noble Thoughts, Improving Maxims, and New Ideas. I, therefore, decided to be guided in a great measure by the seasons, which, old as they are, yet come to us each year with renewed beauties and benefits of suggestion. As Nature teaches to true Poets a pure and unerring morality of her own, I have thought that—in our young and beautiful country, where we may assume a comparative immunity from low moral standards—it would be safe to allow our writers to show us the fall of the leaf, the birth of the flower and the daily marvel of the sunset, both as they bear upon human life and its experiences, and as they exist beautifully in themselves. I have indicated one or two historical events and personages, and when I found three, four, five, and more passages bearing on the same subject I contrived to use such extracts consecutively so as to bring a little order into the comp'ex whole.

It has been impossible to include *every one* who may have written good poetry in the Dominion, and I can only hope that any inadvertent omission may be received in that lenient spirit which I shall wish the public to display towards "THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK."

SERANUS.

Toronto.

Alphabetical List of Authors.

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Adam.
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Bibaud.
Bliss.
Bowes.
Breakenridge.

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E. C. P.
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Falcon.
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Garnier.
Gingras.
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Lajoie.
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M. J. K. L.
Mondelet.
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Murray (J. C)
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Prendergast.
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Saint-Aubin.
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Chansons Historiques.
Chansons Populaires.
Founder of Milwaukee.

Historical.
Iroquois Book of Rites.
Old Song.

January.

January 1.

Do I hold my life in my hand,
To make or to mar,
To rise or to fall;
To round to the perfect ball,
To mould to the matchless star?

—*Seranus.*

January 2.

Every radiant winged To-morrow, hidden in the distant years,
Has its poise of joy or sorrow, has its freight of hopes and fears;
Every hour upon the dial, every sand-grain dropped by Time,
Quickens man by useful trial for his march to the Sublime.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

January 1.

January 2.

January 3.

HIGH of Heart! though some may sneer,
Tread thy path and have no fear,
Bow thy thoughts to Life's dull duties,
Feast thine eyes on Nature's beauties,
Brood not o'er thine hours of sadness
Till the soul is stung to madness.
Corn grows but on furrowed soil,
And Virtue springs from care and toil.

—Hon. Jos. Howe.

January 4.

As one theft makes men suspect the thief,
Be all his life else spent in honesty;
So does one breach of faithfulness in a man
Wound all his after deeds.

—Chas. Mair.

January 3.

January 4.

January 5.

Life stretched with promise fair before your eyes,
And childish things with childhood passed away;
It seemed as if it rested with yourself
To win and wear the brave, best things of life.
Fortune had placed your feet upon her steps,
And bade you enter where so many end.

—*M. J. K. L.*

January 6.

Il est un doux secret qui sèche bien les larmes,—
C'est prier, travailler, se soumettre, et bénir.

—*Benjamin Sulte.*

January 5.

January 6.

January 7.

THE gods are cruel, filling bosoms small
With infinite desires, the eagle's heart
And eye—and circumstance's narrow cage.
We are the fools of fate in all we aim
At, and in all we are. We love the star
But cannot scale the sky. . . .

—N. Flood Davin.

January 8.

HUIT jours à peine ont entamé l'année,
Où sont-ils donc ces souhaits chalereux,
Ces prognostics d'une ére fortunée
Ces vœux ardents qui nous faisaient heureux ?
Une semaine et je trouve les hommes
Tels qu'ils étaient aux jours de l'an passé !
Pauvres humains, quel grands enfants nous sommes,
Eveillons-nous, le rêve est effacé !
. . . . . .
Hélas ! les cœurs ont perdu leur élan,
Envolez-vous souhaits de jour de l'an !

—E. Blain Saint-Aubin.

January 7.

January 8.

January 9.

A PURPOSE, a determined will!
Can soar above earth's highest hill,
And bid the troubled waves be still.

—*Alex. McLachlan.*

January 10.

Si tu pouvais garder ton enfance suave!
Mais tu viellis aussi, ton front devient plus grave;
Bientôt ta raison va s'ouvrir
Aux secrets d'ici-bas qu'il nous faut tous connaître,
Tôt ou tard, ô mon ange!—et se sera peut-être
Demain à ton tour de souffrir!
. . . . . .
Mais aux déceptions que ton cœur s'accoutume!
Et qu'il arrive tard le jour plein d'amertume
Où tu regretteras de n'être plus enfant!

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

January 9.

January 10.

January 11.

Ask we not, even now,
The self-same questions uttered by old Nile
To her stone-sphinx, that gazed with stony smile
At Fate's poor questioners—as she does still
With haughty brow?

And is belief no more?
A thing as facile as a courtier's suit,
To be put on, like bloom of summer fruit,
By the mere sunshine, fashioned by the moot
Of faction's roar?

—Daniel Wilson.

January 12.

If in this hurried world of ours
Some things must go . . .
At least we'll try to keep a sense
For holy things and reverence—
Sweet gift and blest—
For the dear faith our fathers knew,
For things of virtue, things of praise,
Of good report and pleasant ways,
The Good, the True!

—Seranus.

January 11.

January 12.

January 13.

THE Angel of Remembrance sits enthroned
Upon a world-girt mountain top, and calls
From every side the heroes of all time.
All who by head or hand, by heart or tongue,
Wrought for the common weal of humankind,
He sees, and summons each to his reward.
With Him there is no favour. Every one
Finds his own place as if by magic led,
And is accounted only what he is,
Not less, not more.

—*John Reade.*

January 14.

WHAT! Dare to rail at our snow-storms, why
Not view them with poet's or artist's eye?
Watch each pearly flake as it falls from above,
Like snowy plumes from some spotless dove,
Clothing all objects in ermine rare,
More pure than the bright robes which monarchs wear.

—*Mrs. Leprohon.*

January 13.

January 14.

January 15.

And packing and filling
The house, and cellar, and bin,
My people dare love the icy air,
And they love the silver din
Of the fur-trapt sleighs, nor do they disdain
The loveliness of the frosted pane,
When the fire is red within.

—*Seranus.*

January 16.

Then homeward, hearing song or tale,
With chime of harness bells we sped
Above the frozen river bed.
The city, through a misty veil,
Gleamed from her cope, where sunset fire
Touched louvre and cathedral spire;
Bathed ice and snow a rosy red,
So beautiful, that men's desire
For May-time's rival wonders fled.

—*Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.C.M.G.*

January 15.

January 16.

January 17.

WOULDST thou be happy, list not bad men's tongues,
But turning deaf, thou hast the greater wisdom;
That one is happiest who shuts his ears,
And turneth deaf to all things that do vex.
There is a royal art in being deaf;
To know the proper moment, properly,
When deafness stoppeth every wicked sound.

—*J. H. Garnier.*

January 18.

ENFANT tu ne peux le dire:
Pour toi tout est rose ici;
Enfant tu ne sais que rire.....
Tu ne vois pas mon souci!

Tout te sourit, chacun t'aime;
Jamais ton front ne pâlit.....
Oh! reste toujours de même!
Oh! reste toujours petit!.....

—*William Chapman.*

January 17.

January 18.

January 19.

"I AM Love, whom years that vanish
Still shall find the same!"
Still! as when in Southern sunshine
First the phantom came,
With a fond word long outspoken,—
A forgotten name!

"I am Death, I only offer
Peace—the long day done,
Follow me into the darkness."
"Welcome! Friend, lead on;
Only spare my dog, let something
Grieve when I am gone!"

—*Chas. P. Mulvany.*

January 20.

THE VALET—

TREAD reverently, good Clown,
There lies my master, a better,
Kinder, braver, a—a—plague on't, there
Must be onions in the air. (Weeps.)

CLOWN—

In the midst of death we are in
Life, and should be thankful for it.

—*Hunter Duvar.*

January 19.

January 20.

January 21.

The dawn
Of an imperishable love passed through
The lattice of my senses, and I, too,
Did offer incense in that solemn place—
A woman's heart, made pure and
Sanctified by grace.

—*Charles Sangster.*

January 22.

Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the Plains the ladies bring,
So soon as carioling.

Nor Venus with the wingèd loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves
As ladies carioling.

—*Old Song.*

January 21.

January 22.

January 23.

L'ORCHESTRE éteint sa voix qui râle,
Pendant que, là-bas, le jour pâle
Regarde au guichet entr'ouvert ;
Il est temps de partir, la foule
Silencieusement s'écoule
Vers le chemin froid et désert.

C'est aussi que notre existence,
Pendant les premiers jours s'avance
Dans la joie et sous la clarté ;
Mais, vers le milieu de la route,
L'homme, surpris, regarde, écoute,
Il est seul, dans l'obscurité.

—*Napoleon Légendre.*

January 24.

O FOOL! that wisdom dost despise,
Thou canst not know, thou dost not guess,
Another phase of thee is wise,
And silent sees thy foolishness.

Yet, fool, how dare I pity thee,
Because my heart reveres the sages?
The fool lies also deep in me;
We twain are one, beneath the ages.

—*W. D. Lighthall.*

January 23.

January 24.

January 25.

When the heart is weary as well as the brain,
When of sorrow's cup one has drunk the last drain,
And the sunshine's gone out of our life;
Then Doubt whispers, mocking, "There's no God above,
And life's not worth living, there's no rule of love,
It were better to end the rude strife."

Thus reasons the soul that has nigh lost its hope,
And scarce has the power with distrust to cope,
Nor can see the sun always shining;
Who looks at the shadows, forgetting the light
Of a heaven beyond, and the clouds ever bright,
The gleam of His love for a lining.

—*G. Mercer Adam.*

January 26.

De l'humaine vie,
Qui toujours varie
Son tableau mouvant,
Ils tracent l'image
Où le sot, le sage,
Inculte ou savant,
Poursuivant sur la terre
Chacun sa chimère
Qu'emporte le vent.

—*L. J. C. Fiset.*

January 25.

January 26.

January 27.

Oh! dear is the northern forest home,
Where the great pine shoots on high;
And the maple spreads its soft, green leaves,
In the clear, blue, taintless sky.
Though the summer mantle paleth fast
Into winter's virgin veil,
There is health in the fierce, quick lightning blast,
And strength in the icy gale;
And life glides on in a quiet calm,
Like our own great river's flow;
And dear to the hearts of her children all
Is our own Fair Land of Snow.

—*J. M. LeMoine.*

January 28.

Offspring fair of cloud and cold,
Glorifying wood and wold,
Who could, mute, thy grace behold?
Welcome, welcome, snow!

See how 'neath thy gentle tread,
Bright as bride to altar led,
Bends the lady-birch her head;
Welcome, welcome, snow!

Yonder cascade, in its glee,
Down the hillside dashing free,
Looks like darkness matched with thee;
Welcome, welcome, snow!

—*Evan MacColl.*

January 27.

January 28.

January 29.

THE mind of man is as a crucible
Which the Great Giver fills with golden thought,
'Tis Human Nature which supplies the dross;
But the same nature with that aid divine,
Which all must seek who would live nigh to God,
Is a most subtle alchemist, whose skill
Turns Error's dross to Truth's refinèd gold.

—Chas. Sangster.

January 30.

WHAT makes a Hero? Can it be the doing
Of some wild deed to which a nation turns
The lightning of her eye, that ever burns
Brighter to view a son's impetuous wooing,
And winning of the fame he held in sight,
Regardless of the pain it may have cost,
Careless of aught that others may have lost,
So that his own heel but tread the height
To which unnumbered straining eyes are turned?
Or, is it walking the stern path of duty
That makes a hero's manliest, holiest beauty?

—Barry Dane.

January 29.

January 30.

January 31.

I.

WHEN I grow old, give me
Respite for music's hours,
Birds, song, and scent of flowers;
May I have sight to see
What of earth's beauties rare
My life's last days may share;
Fresh may my memory be
Of all dear forms and faces,
Bright days and well-loved places,
My heart not dry and cold,
When I grow old.

II.

May none have cause to say,
He did us wrong unrighted,
No lives may I have blighted;
Nor turned my face away
From manhood in the dust,
Nor weakened faith and trust,
Nor led a soul astray;
And so my life's poor ending,
Dear love's sweet mantle sending,
May God at length enfold,
When I grow old.

—*Frederick A. Dixon.*

RULING with an iron hand
O'er the intermediate land
'Twixt the plains of rich completeness,
And the realms of budding sweetness,
Winter! from thy crystal throne,
With a keenness all thy own
Dartest thou, through gleaming air,
O'er the glorious barren glare
Of thy sunlit wildernesses,
Thine undazzled level glances,
Where thy minions' silver tresses
Stream among their icy lances;
While thy universal breathing,
Frozen to a radiant swathing
For the trees, their bareness hides,
And upon their sunward sides
Shines and flushes rosily
To the chill, pink morning sky.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

February.

February 1.

No famous deeds, no acts achieved
In battle or in State,
Make memorable this festal day,
The day we celebrate.
Divided from the common lot
By neither fame nor pelf,
Our hearts revere the man who loves
His neighbour as himself.

—*Kate Seymour Maclean.*

February 2.

Best shalt thou live, Licinius, neither tempting
Always the deep sea, neither whilst thou fearest
Storm-blasts of ocean, venturing too near the
Shore danger-haunted.

Golden is the mean which whosoever chooseth,
Free from coarse cares which poverty brings with it,
Lives in a home where envy never enters,
Tranquil and happy.

—*John Lesperance.*

February 1.

February 2.

February 3.

A PLAYER strange on life's rough stage,
Now saint, now sinner, and now sage;
A dreamer oft of creed unsound,
And yet a prophet frequent found;
A wayward wight, of passions wild,
Yet tender-hearted as a child;
A spirit like the lark endowed
To sing its sweetest in a cloud;
The friend of Truth past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of Fiction;

February 4.

The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;
The moralist high-toned, withal
Oft bound in Pleasure's Circean thrall—
The vices he can ban so well
Himself the weakest to repel—
Such aye has been since days of old
That strange compound of mud and gold,
That *Rara Avis* called a Poet.

—Evan MacColl.

February 3.

February 4.

February 5.

How sweet the songs that have been sung
In every age by poet-tongue,
We testify, who know their power
In joy or in affliction's hour;
They feed our hopes, they soothe our fears,
They drown each colder sense in tears;
They teach us how to live and die
In view of Heaven's by-and-by—
That Heaven, where only can belong
The mighty gift of perfect song!

—*Espérance.*

February 6.

His heart was purified
By suffering, but desolate as the moon
That wanders far and wide
By myriads of stars attended, yet alone.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

February 5.

February 6.

February 7.

Si le malheur encore doit courber notre tête,
Gardons, gardons toujours au fort de la tempête,
En subissant des maux l'irrévocable loi,
Ces trois hôtes du cœur, ces trois parfums de l'âme,
Que Dieu seul a donnés et que le ciel réclame,
L'amour, l'espérance, et la foi.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

February 8.

White as fleeces blown across the hollow heaven,
Fold on fold thy garments wrap thy shining limbs;
Deep thy gaze as morning's flamed thro' vapours riven,
Bright thine hair as day's that up the ether swims.
Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might, and splendour of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

February 7.

February 8.

February 9.

The poet's song, and the bird's,
And the waters', that chant as they run,
And the waves', that kiss the beach,
And the wind's,—they are but one.
He who may read their words,
And the secret hid in each,
May know the solemn monochords
That breathe in vast, still places;
And the voices of myriad races,
Shy and far-off from man,
That hide in shadow and sun,
And are seen but of him who can.

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

February 10.

What were we if the pulse of Song
Had never beat, nor found a tongue
To make the Poet known
In lands beyond his own?

Take what is said for what is meant.
We sometimes touch the firmament
Of starry Thought—no more;
Beyond, we may not soar.

I speak not of myself, but stand,
In silence, till the Master Hand
Each fluttering heart sets free,—
God holds the golden key.

—Chas. Sangster.

February 9.

February 10.

February 11.

Oh! Poet of the years that are to come,
Singing at dawn thy idyls sweet and tender—
The preludes of the great millennium
Of song, to drown the world in light and splendour,
Awake, arise! thou youngest born of time!
Through flaming sunsets with red banners furled,
The nations call thee to thy task sublime,
To sing the new songs of a newer world!

—*Kate Seymour Maclean.*

February 12.

The inspiration which by God is given,
Born of the light, like light belongs to heaven;
The eagle soaring to the noon of day,
Meets with unblenching gaze the solar ray,
His light of life, and basking in its sheen,
Sweeps on strong wing along the blue serene.
Sailing through heaven's wide space on pinions free,
He only feels the present Deity,
The thrilling ecstasy absorbs his sight,
And bathes his spirit in the fount of light.

—*Susanna Moodie.*

February 11.

February 12.

February 13.

In the sculptor's brain as he works alone,
Or stands aweary, aloof, and looks
With full-souled eyes at the fashioned stone
That men will wonder about in books,

Be sure there's always a dream of Greek,
Nothing but Greek achievement pure
And proud, on which the ages break
In vain ; Art holds while the heavens endure.

—*M. J. Griffin.*

February 14.

Confiant dans ton étoile,
O noble fiancé des arts,
Demain tu remets à la voile
Pour le vieux pays des Césars ;
Tu retournes au champ fertile,
Où croît le laurier de Virgile,
Où dort le luth d'Alighieri,
Florence, la ville artistique,
Réclame ton pinceau magique
Et ton talent qu'elle a mûri.
Va ! quitte nos climats de neige !
Pour toi trop sombre est notre ciel ;
Il te faut le ciel du Corrège,
Le ciel d'azur de Raphaël.

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

February 13.

February 14.

February 15.

. . . Fewer notes
Hath the wind alone that floats
Over naked trees and snows;
Half its minstrelsy it owes
To its orchestra of leaves.
Ay! weak the meshes music weaves
For thy snarèd soul's delight,
'Less when thou dost lie at night
'Neath the star-sown heavens bright,
To thy sin-unchokèd ears
Some dim harmonies may pierce
From the high-consulting spheres:

February 16.

'Less the silent sunrise sing
Like a vibrant silver string,
When its prison'd splendours first
O'er the crusted snow-fields burst.
But thy days the silence keep,
Save for grosbeak's feeble cheep,
Or for snow-bird's busy twitter
When thy breath is very bitter.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

February 15.

February 16.

February 17.

All my mind has sat in state,
Pondering on the deathless soul:
What must be the Perfect Whole,
When the atom is so great!

God! I fall in spirit down,
Low as Persian to the sun;
All my senses, one by one,
In the stream of thought must drown.

On the tide of mystery,
Like a waif, I'm seaward borne;
Ever looking for the morn
That will yet interpret Thee.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

February 18.

Le temps fuit promptement—n'importe,
Il faut chanter puisqu'il emporte
Et nos regrets et nos douleurs!
Il faut chanter puisqu'il efface,
Dans notre paupière, la trace
Qu'ont faite, un jour, de tristes pleurs.

C'est hier, je crois, à l'aurore,
(Hier, car mon luth vibre encore)
Que je chantais un nouvel an,
Et déjà cet an périssable
Disparaît comme un grain de sable,
Dans l'abîme de l'océan.

—*Léon Pamphile Lemay.*

February 17.

February 18.

February 19.

THE one fact
That a stone speaks not and that a man doth,
Is more a miracle than if the sun
Changed places with the glow-worm.

. . . . . .

Treason, good sir, is caution come too late.

—*Samuel Watson.*

February 20.

SEEK not to know (for 'tis as wrong as vain)
What term of life to thee or me
The gods may grant, Leuconoé,
Nor with Chaldean numbers vex thy brain,
But calmly take what comes of joy and pain,
Whether Jove grant us many winters more,
Or this complete our destiny,
Which makes the stormy Tuscan sea
Weary its strength with angry shocks
Against the hollow-echoing rocks.
Be gently wise, my friend, and while you pour
The ruddy wine, live long by living well.

[Horace, Book I., Ode xi.] —*John Reade.*

February 19.

February 20.

February 21.

COMES a shadow out of time,
With the key to all;
'Tis not found in prose or rhyme
Why God should give us or recall
The meaner things or the sublime.

Comes a day our quest shall find
What we yearn to know;
We shall read with purgèd mind
Meanings of our life below,
When our eyes were blurred or blind.

—M. J. Griffin.

February 22.

MAN is a pipe that Life doth smoke
As saunters it the world about;
And when 'tis wearied of the joke
Death comes and knocks the ashes out.

—Chas. Heavysege.

February 21.

February 22.

February 23.

Folatre et secouant sa clochette argentine,
Le bruyant carnaval fait sonner sa bottine,
Sur le plancher rustique et le tapis soyeux.

Le spleen chassé s'en va chercher d'autres victimes ;
La gaieté vient s'asseoir à nos cercles intimes,
C'est le mois le plus court ; passons—le plus joyeux.

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

February 24.

Soracte, see, is white with snow,
The forests scarce their load sustain ;
While every stream has ceased to flow,
Fast bound in winter's icy chain.

Heap on the blazing hearth more wood ;
Dispel, my friend, this bitter cold ;
And broach your two-eared jar of good
Well-ripened wine of four years' old.

Leave to the gods all else, their word
Calms the wild winds and stormy sea ;
That not a branch nor leaf is stirred
On veteran ash or cypress tree.

—*W. B. Bliss.*

February 23.

February 24.

February 25.

OPEN, my heart, thy ruddy valves ;
It is thy master calls ;
Let me go down and curious trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart, and let me view
The secrets of thy den ;
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.

February 26.

Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen ;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen.

. . . . .

Ah! what a motley multitude,
Magnanimous and mean!

—*Chas. Heavysege.*

February 25.

February 26.

February 27.

Le livre de la vie est vraiment monotone ;
Le nombre des feuillets en est seul varié.
La préface promet beaucoup plus qu'il ne donne,
Et le bonheur en est le chapitre oublié !

Il est vrai que parfois la tranche en est dorée,
Mais l'or est toujours mince et dure peu de temps ;
L'hiver flétrit si tôt les couleurs du printemps !
La page en est aussi quelquefois décorée ;
Mais les gais ornements sont rares et perdus
Parmi les dessins noirs et les pleurs répandus !

—*A. B. Routhier.*

February 28.

I would not die with my work undone,
My quest unfound, my goal unwon,
Though life were a load of lead ;
Ah ! rather I'd bear it day by day,
Till bone and blood were worn away,
And Hope in Faith's lap lay dead.

I dreamed a dream when the woods were green,
And my April heart made an April scene
In the far, far distant land ;
That even I might something do
That should keep my memory fresh and true,
And my name from the spoiler's hand.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

February 27.

February 28.

February 29.

WHAT can I do that others have not done?
What can I think that others have not thought?
What can I teach that others have not taught?
What can I win that others have not won?
What is there left for me beneath the sun?
My labour seems so useless, all I try
I weary of before 'tis well begun;
I scorn to grovel, and I cannot fly.
Hush! hush! repining heart! there's One whose eye
Esteems each honest thought, and act, and word,
Noble as poet's songs or patriot's sword.
Be true to Him, He will not pass thee by;
He may not ask thee 'mid His stars to shine,
And yet He needeth thee. His work is thine!

—*John Reade.*

February 29.

I, THE lion-throated,
The shaker of mountains!
I, the invincible,
Lasher of oceans!

Past the horizon,
Its rim of pale azure;
Past the horizon,
Where scurry the white clouds,

There are buds and small flowers,
Flowers like snowflakes,
Blossoms like raindrops,
So small and tremulous.

I, the invincible,
March, the earth-shaker;
March, the sea-lifter;
March, the sky-render;

March, the lion-throated,
April, the weaver
Of delicate blossoms,
And moulder of red buds,

Shall at the horizon,
Its rim of pale azure,
Its scurry of white clouds,
Meet in the sunlight.

—Isabella V. Crawford.

March.

March 1.

. . . . And if hard pressed
My knees, perchance, waxed faint, or mine eyes dim,
The strong earth stayed me and the unbowed hills,
The wide air and the ever-joyous sun,
And free sea leaping up beneath the sun—
All were to me for kindly ministrants,
And lent glad service to their last-born, man,
Whom, reverent, the gods, too, favoured well.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

March 2.

Adieu ! les jours sereins, et les nuits étoilées !
La neige à flocons lourds s'amoncelle à foison,
Au penchant des coteaux, dans le fond des vallées ;
C'est le dernier effort de la rude saison.

. . . . . .

Le vieux chasseur des bois dépose ses raquettes ;
Plus d'orignaux géants, plus de biches coquettes,
Plus de course lointaine, au lointain Labrador !

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

March 1.

March 2.

March 3.

Hull, mast, and sail, and airy crew,
Like flitting films across the blue—
They haunt the weltering waste that seems
To bound the horizon of our dreams.
Sometimes the sun their pennants kissed,
Sometimes they loomed through ghostly mist,
Sometimes a mirage showed them nigh,
Painting their image in the sky
With spars aslant, and silvery hulls
Heaving like snowy-breasted gulls,
Then closing curtains of the night
Concealed them from our longing sight.

March 4.

Deep galleons like those which bore
To Spain the Inca's golden ore,
Dromond and Caravel high-decked,
And pinnace frail as e'er was wrecked,
And Viking ship and gilded barge
Like that which shone on Cydnus' marge,
When conquerors yielded to the smile
Of the Enchantress of the Nile.

. . . . . .

For young or old, whoe'er they be,
Have secret treasure-ships at sea.

—J. B. Plumb.

March 3.

March 4.

March 5.

Le ruisseau s'échappant de son obscure source
Ne peut plus revenir ;
Ainsi glissent nos jours sans trève et sans ressource
Et nous n'y revenons que par le souvenir.

Le souvenir ! Heureux qui peut revoir sans larme
Le bord qu'il a laissé
Et sans blessure au cœur n'éprouver que du charme
A rassembler, le soir, les débris du passé !

Tout homme est l'artisan de son bonheur sur terre,
Dieu mit dans tous les cœurs
Auprès des passions, insondable cratère
La source et le foyer de tous les vrais bonheurs.

—M. J. A. Poisson.

March 6.

Neither shrouding plume of eagle,
Nor the dove's soft wing of snow,
Ever roved the fields of ether
On the journey I must go,
Casting no reluctant glances
On what I must leave below.

I would live for something higher
Than the aims that have been mine,
Something better, nobler, truer,
Than the dream which I resign ;
I would see in all things human
But the wreck of things Divine !

—Mary A. McIver.

March 5.

March 6.

March 7.

C'EST un bloc de calcaire aux énormes assises,
Il est là, sur un tertre, et ses hautes tours grises
Soulèvent leur front altier.
Un grand fleuve à ses pieds roule ses claires ondes,
Et le commerce ardent, cette âme des deux mondes,
De ses riches produits l'entoure tout entier!
C'est la maison de paix au milieu du tumulte,
C'est l'oasis où vient, par le désert inculte,
Par les flots des lointaines mers,
Quand il est fatigué des vains bruits de la terre,
S'asseoir le voyageur pieux et solitaire,
Ou celui dans le monde a fait les jours amers!

—F. LeNoir.

March 8.

ON high, in yonder old church tower,
When sunbeams smile or tempests lour,
The ancient clock rings out the hour,
Sometimes with voice of wondrous power,
Oft times as if in play;
Sometimes it vibrates to the tone
Of the deep-sounding, solemn *one!*
Twelve, sometimes it doth say!
At morn, at noon, at night, it rings,
And o'er the town its clangour flings;
And ever still it seems to say:
"Time fleeteth on—away, away!"

—John Breakenridge.

March 7.

March 8.

March 9.

And as to chase the body's ills away
Wealth, birth, and kingly majesty are vain,
So is it with the mind's disease; array
Thy mail-clad legions of the swarming plain,
Bid them deploy, wheel, charge in mimic fray,
As though one soul moved all the mighty train,
With war's full pomp and circumstance; will all
Set free the mind to dreadful thoughts a thrall?
Crowd ocean with thy fleets—a thousand sail—
Will thy Armada banish from the breast
The fear of death? If then of no avail
Are all these bubbles—if the soul's unrest

March 10.

Yields not to bristling spear or clashing mail;
If haunting Care climbs, an unbidden guest,
To Power's most awful seat, and mocks his gown
Of gorgeous purple and his radiant crown—
Delay no longer Reason's aid to try,
Since Reason's aid alone can mend our plight—
That walk in darkness, and, like babes that cry
With silly terror in the lonesome night
At their own fancy's bugbears, oftimes fly—
Mere grown-up babes—from bugbears of the light.
These shadows not the glittering shafts of day
Must chase, but Science with more sovran ray.

—*Goldwin Smith.*

March 9.

March 10.

March 11.

La femme a sa beauté; le printemps a ses roses,
Qui tournent vers le ciel leurs lèvres demi closes;
La foudre a son nuage où resplendit l'éclair;
Les grands bois ont leurs bruits mystérieux et vagues;
La mer a les sanglots que lui jettent ses vagues;
L'étoile a ses rayons; mais la mort a son ver!.....

—*Octave Crémazie.*

March 12.

From all things there is sighing on our Earth,
Up-welling from the mystery of woe
That broods upon it, twin-born with its birth,
To last for aye and ever! Nay! with slow
Unfolding of an inwrapped heart of peace,
'Mid sacrificial waste for one great type
Through countless suff'ring ages, yet to cease!
To end in consummation of the ripe
And perfect fruit of all things! Such the creed
That Nature chaunts as in her moods of joy,
And 'neath her frown, which we have learnt to read,
Good at the last! Great good without alloy!

—*A. W. Gundry.*

March 11.

March 12.

March 13.

Deepest and mightiest of our later seers,
Spencer, whose piercing glance descried afar,
Down fathomless abysses of dead years,
The formless waste drift into sea or star;
And, through vast wilds of elemental strife,
Tracked out the first faint steps of yet unconscious life!

Thy hand has led us through the pathless maze,
Chaotic sights and sounds that throng our brain;
Traced every strand along its tangled ways,
And woven anew the many-coloured skein;
Bound fact to fact in unrelenting laws,
And shown through minds and worlds the unity of cause.

March 14.

Ere thou hadst read the universal plan,
Our life was unto us a thing alone;
On this side Nature stood, on that side man,
Irreconcilable, as twain, not one:
Thy voice first told us man was Nature's child,
And in one common law proclaimed them reconciled.

No partial system could suffice for thee,
Whose eye has scanned the boundless realms of space;
Gazed, through the æons, on the fiery sea,
And caught faint glimpses of that awful face,
Which clad with earth, and heaven, and souls of men,
Veils its mysterious shape forever from our ken.

—Grant Allen.

March 13.

March 14.

March 15.

Faith, science, doubt profound,
Searching for ampler knowledge from afar,
By turns have soared to question every star,
Have probed the earth to tell us whence we are,
And whither bound.

. . . . . .

Dim, faithless world, roll on
Into thy future, while the Christ-sown seeds
Grow, not to lifeless words but living deeds;
And living souls give utterance thus to creeds
Like to Christ's own.

—*Daniel Wilson.*

March 16.

Un souffle aride a passé sur nos têtes,
Il va prechant le culte du veau d'or;
L'homme s'épuise en de vaines conquêtes,
L'autel du siècle est un lourd coffre-fort.
Mais dans la foule où grandit l'égoïsme
Que de vertus s'efforcent de lutter!
Ah! tends la main, à ce noble héroïsme;
Pour ceux qui croient, poëte, il faut chanter!

March 15.

March 16.

March 17.

Tu n'iras pas couper tes ailes d'ange
Pauvre inspiré qui tremble au moindre vent ;
Rien ici-bas n'est exempt de mélange
Mais l'art divin y triomphe souvent,
L'âme enivrée aux accords de la lyre
Rêve du ciel et cesse de douter ;
Suis dans son vol la muse qui t'inspire,
Toujours ! pour tous, poëte, il faut chanter !

—*Benjamin Sulte.*

March 18.

Does thy soul to greed incline?
Dost thou treasure but for time?
Bolts and bars asunder fall ;
Death shall rob thee of it all.
Hither thou canst nothing take :
Something *do*, for mercy's sake.

—*Alex. McLachlan.*

March 17.

March 18.

March 19.

Like a sudden burst of leaf and bloom,
The sun shines redly through the gloom,
And the wind with its many melodies,
With the murmurous sound like the noise of bees,
Singing and humming—blowing, growing,—
Of springing blade and of fountain flowing ;
And night and silence under the ground,
Listen, and thrill, and move to the sound,
And answer—Spring is coming !

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

March 20.

All its feathers fluffed up with cold,
Stiffened claws that can barely hold
The swinging branch of the ice-clad tree—
Wonderful bird ! dost thou sing for glee ?

Comes its answer—I sing, I sing,
News of the summer and sun to bring.

Thoughts of the past spring, hopes of the new,
Scents of the flowers and snatches of blue,

To soothe the grass and comfort the root,
Till the slow sap stirs beneath my foot—

I sing, and my song is not sung in vain,
See ! one snow-crystal dissolved to rain !

—Francis Rye.

March 19.

March 20.

March 21.

GLIBLY fall the tones regretful o'er the pleasant times no more,
When this earth of ours was younger, in the goodly days of yor
When full-dress was but a fig-leaf, in the pre-historic time,
When the troubadour and jongleur sang in Mediæval rhyme ;
When fat Hal—our kingly Bluebeard—model of false-heartedne
Changed his wives almost as often as he changed his royal dre
And those days of England's Georges—mention of them is to prai
With a parting sigh and sneer at these degenerate modern day

March 22.

Still we hear the tones regretful for the goodly times no more ;
Still that sentimental slobbering for the brave old days of yore,
And sometimes we can't help thinking, while folks of the by-go
dream,
Of the comforts we're enjoying in these sneered-at days of stea
Julius Cæsar was a hero, yet his, "came, saw, conquered," ton
Never warbled "Hello! Central!" through the wondrous telepho
Praise your Past, though half its glory is but an exploded craze
Still *our* vote and influence go for these degenerate modern da

—*H. K. Cockin.*

March 21.

March 22.

March 23.

. . . Thick smoke is curled
Close round my feet, but lifts a little space
Further ahead, and shows to me the face—
Distorted, dim, and glamourous—of Life;
With many ways, all cheerless ways, and rife
With bristling toils crowned with no fitting fruit,
All songless ways whose goals are bare and mute.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

March 24.

Men weep but once, and then their tears
Contain the bitterness of years;
Bitter is debt, but bitterer still
Is the accumulated ill,
To be neglected by the good,
Or by beloved ones misconstrued;
Bitter to muse on wasted youth,
Or on exposure of untruth;
Bitter is faith when first beguiled;
Bitter to lose an only child;
Bitter to find no friend to feel,
Or weep in woe, or laugh in weal;
Bitter old age without respect,
The east wind of a child's neglect.

—*J. R. Ramsay.*

March 23.

March 24.

March 25.

. . . . We are weakest
When we are caught contending with our children.
. . . . . .

He's great who's happy anywhere.

—*Chas. Heavysege.*

March 26.

Le monde est renversé! Notre siècle pervers
Du bon sens, tous les jours, présente le revers;
Au sortir du berceau l'enfant devient son maître,
Le devoir filial paraît sans raison d'être,
L'autorité n'est plus qu'un vain mot dont on rit;
C'est en la méprisant qu'on montre son esprit;
Et l'on voit, grâce aux torts qui partout se répandent,
Les parents obéir aux enfants qui commandent.

—*Felix G. Marchand.*

March 25.

March 26.

March 27.

IS IT TO BE A FIGHT?

Aye, most assuredly is it—and we speak with no bated breath,
A battle with rancorous Treason, a fight to the very death.
From East and West comes the answer amid drum-beat and clang
of steel,
And resolve that shall not falter until the foe is beneath our heel.

We are new on the roll of Nations, a people as yet untried;
We have no great warlike achievements to point to with boastful
pride,

March 28.

But the blood that crimsons the hillside by far Saskatchewan's
flow
Shall blazon our path to vengeance, and nerve us to strike the
foe.

Ah, brothers in grief! let us hope, while we mourn the heroic
dead,
Not in vain have the Martyrs fallen, not in vain has their blood
been shed;
For their blood shall cement our Union, and sectional strife
shall cease,
And the souls of our stricken heroes look down on a land at
peace

—R. J. Devlin.

March 27.

March 28.

March 29.

CONQUERING heroes! Yes, what is it they have not conquered?
Wearisome miles on miles up to the Far North-west;
Limitless breadths of prairie, like to the limitless ocean;
Endless stretches of distance, like to eternity.

. . . . . .

Not alone did they march, our brave Canadian soldiers!
Grim Privation and Peril followed them hand in hand;

March 30.

Sodden Fatigue lay down with them cheerlessly in the evening,
Weariness rose up with them, and went with them all the day.
Inexpressible Sadness, at thought of the homes they were leaving,
Hung like a cloud above them, and shadowed the path before,—
These, all these, were slain by our brave, our conquering heroes.

--A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.

March 29.

March 30.

March 31.

Oh! with what a saintly glory the strong eye of manhood beams,
When the youthful soul is flooded with the languor of its dreams;
How the world becomes ideal, Nature's beauties all laid bare,
And a harmonizing fragrance fills the universal air;
Morning wears a tenfold beauty, evening comes serenely down,
And at night each star is praying for the sin endangered town.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

Ce que l'humanité désire
Et méconnait tout à la fois,
Ce que les peuples en délire
En vain demandent à leurs rois;
Ce n'est ni la sagesse altière,
Ni la richesse avide et fière;
Ce qu'ils veulent sans le savoir,
C'est l'égalité, la justice,
L'humilité, le sacrifice,
Dont Jésus nous fait un devoir.

—*P. J. O. Chauveau.*

March 31.

The Spring is in the air!
I feel her spirit-kiss upon my lips,
I lay my forehead bare,
And the blood rushes to my finger-tips,
And back through the full veins of my glad heart.

Her purple breath is warm
In every pore of my encarmined cheek;
And through my limbs the storm
Of renewed life, no longer winter-weak,
Gives health and vigour to each vital part.

I fling my arms abroad,
And clasp the atmosphere unto my breast,
I feel the grassy sod
Beneath my feet springing from its long rest
Like buried hopes arising in the soul;

The erewhile agèd hills
With youth reänimate are fresh and green,
From their old lips the rills
Leap forth, like crystal images serene,
Pearl thoughts of wisdom bounding to their goal.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

April.

April 1.

[1885.]

THE call to arms resounded through the city broad and fair,
And volunteers in masses came prepared to do and dare;
Young lads whose cheeks scarce showed the down; men, bearded,
stout, and strong,
Assembled at the first alarm in bold, undaunted throng.
"I'll volunteer," an old man said, "I've served the Queen before!
I fought the Russ at Inkerman, the Sepoy at Cawnpore!"
And as he stood erect and tall, with proud and flashing eye,
What though his hair was white as snow, he could but do or die!
"You are too old," the answer was, "too old to serve her now."
Then o'er his face a wonder flashed, a scowl came on his brow;
And then a tear stole down his cheek, a sob his strong voice shook—
"Sir! Put me in a uniform and see how old I'll look!"

—J. A. Fraser.

April 2.

"THE year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest, and of cold,"
And wrapt itself in cloth of gold
Of sunlight's shining cheerfulness.
There is no creature, young or old,
That in its speech does not confess,
"The year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest, and of cold."

Fountain, brook, and river-stream,
Wear, in smiling livery,
Drops of gilt and silvery beam,
Bright with flashing tracery.
Each clothes itself in fairest fold,
And sings unto the silentness:
"The year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest, and of cold."

—W. D. Lighthall.

April 1.

April 2.

April 3.

The blade starts through the clod in Spring, the leaf
Then on the bough sits in its pride of green ;
The blossom, punctual to its season, comes
Milk-white or ruddy, and the perfect fruit
Appears with Autumn, nor the snow doth fail
The hoary Winter . . . .

—*Charles Heavysege.*

April 4.

Avril ! avril ! ton souffle est plein de volupté !
Tes matins et tes soirs, ô beau mois enchanté,
Naissent dans l' harmonie et les flots de lumière !
Avril, c'est toi qui viens égayer la chaumière,
Dont la bise d'hiver attristait le fôyer !
Avril, c'est toi qui fais sous ton souffle ondoyer,
Les flots du St. Laurent redevenus dociles,
Quand tes feux ont fendus leurs cristaux immobiles.

—*Léon Pamphile Lemay.*

April 3.

April 4.

April 5.

O! toi, qui brille en mon jardin,
Tendre fleur, ton destin m'afflige;
On te voit fleurer le matin,
Et le soir mourir sur la tige.

—Joseph Quesnel.

These Thy preachers of the wildwood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood
Fresh within us still?
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and Glory
In the daffodil.

—Alex. McLachlan.

April 6.

Let light come to our eyes, for it is good
To see the small flowers open one by one,
And see the wild wings fleeting through the wood.
They grow and perish uncomplainingly,
And blameless live and end their blameless years.
And mayhap we are blind and cannot see
The rainbow shining, in the mist of tears;
And mayhap we are dull, and cannot feel
The touch which strengthens and the lips which heal.

—Chas. Mair.

April 5.

April 6.

April 7.

La nature a repris sa beauté, sa jeunesse,
Partout c'est un réveil qui vient tout redorer,
Partout c'est un rayon qui réchauffe et caresse.
C'est un luth que la main des brises fait vibrer....
Et cependant malgré tant d'éclat, tant d'ivresse,
Je ne revois jamais le printemps sans pleurer.

Car il me fait songer au printemps de ma vie,
Aux mille illusions dont je me suis bercé,
Aux fleurs de mon chemin à la douce harmonie
Qui charmait mon oreille aux beaux jours de passé,
Car ce réveil est plein d'une amère ironie
Qui déchire mon cœur par les regrets froissés.

—*William Chapman.*

April 8.

When yellow-lock'd and crystal-ey'd,
I dream'd green woods among;
Where tall trees wav'd from side to side,
And in their green breasts deep and wide
I saw the building blue jay hide,
O, then the earth was young!

The winds were fresh, and brave, and bold,
The red sun round and strong;
No prophet voice chill, loud and cold,
Across my woodland dreaming roll'd,
"The green earth waxeth sere and old,
That once was fair and young!"

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

April 7.

April 8.

April 9.

Plus heureuse que nous la terre rajeunie,
Peut boire chaque année à la coupe bénie
De ses jeunes amours;
Retrouvant le bonheur sa voix toujours sonore
Et montant vers le ciel sait retrouver encore
Les chants des premiers jours.

Printemps! quand tu reviers ces rayonnantes flammes,
Qui brillaient autrefois dans le fond de nos âmes
D'espoirs eblouissants, inéffable trésor,
Qui vibrait dans nos cœurs comme une harpe d'or,
Saintes affections, illusions perdues
Comme tes fleurs, hèlas! ne nous sont pas rendues!

—*Octave Crémazie.*

April 10.

After Canada's winter have you seen
The St. Lawrence set free by the generous sun:
While the birds returned and the hills grew green,—
Have you heard the first seen vessel's gun?

—*G. W. Wicksteed.*

Avril, c'est le réveil, avril, c'est la jeunesse!
Mais quand la poésie ajoute: *mois des fleurs*,
Il faut bien avouer—nous qui trempe l'averse,
Qu'entraîne la débâcle ou qu'un glaçon renverse,
Que les poëtes sont des charmants persifleurs!

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

April 9.

April 10.

April 11.

They call it Spring, and so it is I know;
In every garden, green begins to grow,
Through every meadow streams begin to flow.

And clouds sail low and swift above the head,
And winter blue is lost in April lead,
And rivers over-run their icy bed.

And see! the snow has honey-combed its way
Off hill and lawn, and left them brown and gray;
No green will come until a warmer day.

April 12.

All of last week the brown earth had the sun,
But brown it stayed nor of the green blades one,
What could it be that had not yet been done?

This early morning fell for half-an-hour,
A tremulous, half hesitating shower;
Within its tender train what mighty power!

For now at length the turf takes on a sheen
Of rain-washed yellow deepening into green,
The loveliest colour in the world, I ween.

They call it Spring, and so it is, I know,
Spring should be doubly dear to us who go
One-half the year through Winter ice and snow.

—*Seranus.*

April 11.

April 12.

April 13.

O, thou harp of crystal strings,
Beaten by the blast of wings;
Flame-white swan wings smite from thee
Clang of lusty melody;
And thy sweetest string is stirr'd
By the plume of smallest bird!

From the airy blossom-cup,
Steals a perfume finger up;
Glides along thy chords, and makes
Silent songs in misty brakes.
Now the bare tree peak'd and brown,
By thy bright frame bendeth down,
Sways his length, and sweeps a strong
Prelude to his leafy song.

April 14.

Harp of Spring! thy minstrel is
Each that feels the throb of bliss,
Born of life—the violets steal
To thy strings; the swallows reel
Thro' the reeling air, and curve
On thy sounding chords; and swerve

Reeds and willows to thy bars;
Love, with all his laughing stars,
Who shall blame the human soul,
If its tides upon thee roll,
Shake thy frame and thrill thy string,
Singing with the Harp of Spring!

—Isabella V. Crawford.

April 13.

April 14.

April 15.

Si j'étais la douce hirondelle
Qui vole en chantant dans les airs,
Quand viendrait engourdir mes ailes,
Le vent glacé de nos hivers,

J'irais au pays des Espagnes,
Là-bas où fleurit l'amandier
Cueillir dans les vertes campagnes
La fleur rouge du grenadier.

J'irais me posant sur le dôme,
Le dôme d'or de l'Alcazar,
Voir la perle du beau royaume,
Où règnait le Calife Omar ;

April 16.

Cordoue et la vieille Castille,
Léon et ses portes d'airain
Et Seville dont la tour brille
Comme un rubis dans un écrin.

J'irais dans la fière Venise,
La ville de Faliero,
Me placant sur la tête grise,
Des vieux lions de San Marco.

Vous toutes, reines d'Italie,
Oui, vous me verriez sur vos bords,
Nageant dans des flots d'harmonie,
M'enivrer de vos doux accords.

April 15.

April 16.

April 17.

Mais quand dans les flots de lumière
Viendrait le printemps embaumé,
Etendre en chantant sur la terre,
Son manteau vert et parfumé,

Avec les chansons printanières,
Avec le soleil matinal,
Avec les fraiches primevères,
Je reviendrais au ciel natal.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

April 18.

A BIRD sat piping upon a spray,
All silvered over with blossoms gay ;

His crimson plumage was wondrous bright,
He seemed to have flown from the realms of light,

So clear a voice from his throat did pass,
The charmed soul rang to it, like a glass ;

He sang such pæans of victory,
That the hearts of all men with hope beat high.

He is dead—that bird of my golden days—
Oh ! would that again I might hear his lays !

—*George Murray.*

April 17.

April 18.

April 19.

If you had a bird with a broken wing,
Would you think it strange if it did not sing?

If one should shut out the sun and light,
Could your rose unfold its petals white?

Since that is gone which you loved the best,
Blame not your heart if it cannot rest.

Your song, and rose, and heart may be
More sweet and pure for their agony.

—Frederick A. Dixon.

April 20.

A lute-sounding voice in the woodland,
A whisper that swells to a trill,
As the wandering birds pipe their joyance,
In the land that is dear to them still!
On the boughs are the dead leaves of autumn,
Like regrets in the May-time of man;
New tendrils may sprout, birds may carol,
But there's always a leaf sere and wan.

—Isidore Ascher.

April 19.

April 20.

April 21.

This is no day for sadness,—let me breathe
The sweet, pure air beneath the clear, blue sky,
While visions, lovely in their vagueness, wreathe
Their mazy forms before the wondering eye
Entranced to look upon their witchery.

This is no day for sadness!—when the sun
Is draped in weeping clouds of sallow gray,
Or when the tranquil Autumn day is done,
And the calm twilight sleeps upon the bay,
Then may we sigh for loved ones passed away!

April 22.

And yet, why is it that at times like these,
When nature wears her sweetest, sunniest face,
When all the air is sweet with budding trees,
And flowers bloom softly in each sunny place,
And clothe the waking earth with tenderest grace;

And joyous birds their merry carols sing,
Our hearts can never rise to notes like theirs?
A strain of sadness wanders through the Spring,
The very perfectness of Nature bears
A spell that weighs our hearts down unawares.

—*Fidelis.*

April 21.

April 22.

April 23.

My footsteps press where centuries ago
The Red Men fought and conquered, lost and won.
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
Have found the Eternal Hunting Grounds, and run
The fiery gauntlet of their active days,
Till few are left to tell the mournful tale:
. . . . . .
We cannot lift the mantle of the past:
We seem to wander over hallowed ground:
We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

April 24.

Dans ce siècle d'argent, où l'impure matière,
Domine en souveraine où l'homme, sur la terre,
A tout ce qui fut grand semble avoir dit adieu;
Où d'un temps héroïque on méprise l'histoire,
Où, toujours prosternés devant une bouilloire,
Les peuples vont criant; la machine, c'est Dieu!

Dans ce siècle d'argent, où même le génie,
Vend aussi pour de l'or sa puissance et sa vie,
N'est-ce pas qu'il est bon d'entendre dans les airs
Retentir comme un chant d'une immense épopée,
Les accents du clairon et ces grands coups d'épée,
Qui brillent à nos yeux ainsi que des éclairs.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

April 23.

April 24.

April 25.

Le mécanisme a pris les chutes pour vassales ;
L'industrie a jeté vingt arches colossales
Sur le fleuve, tremblant de peur ;
Et narguant désormais les sauvages colères
Le touriste franchit nos forêts séculaires,
Sur les ailes de la vapeur.

Le progrès a partout remporté la victoire ;
L'humble bouleau flottant fait place à la bouilloire,
Le phare luit sur le rocher,
L'étroit sentier des bois se cache sous nos rues ;
Et les derniers débris des races disparues
Vivent à l'ombre du clocher.

—*Achille Fréchette.*

April 26.

Legendes, doux récits qui berciez mon enfance,
Vieux contes du pays, vieilles chansons de France,
Peut-être un jour, hélas ! vos accents ingénus
De nos petits-enfans ne seront plus connus.

Vous, vous tairez, ou bien l'écho de votre muse
Ira s'affaiblissant partout où l'on abuse
De ce grand vilain mot si plein d'illusion
Et trop long pour mes vers : Civilization.

—*P. J. O. Chauveau.*

April 25.

April 26.

April 27.

QUEL beau soleil rajeunit la nature!
Souffle divin des brises du printemps,
Rapportez-nous les fleurs et la verdure,
Le saint espoir, les amours souriants!

Allons aux champs, que loin du bruit des villes
S'écoule en paix ce jour de vrai bonheur.
Les souvenirs reviendront plus dociles
Aux doux attraits de ce calme enchanteur.

—Benjamin Sulte.

April 28.

Now over the tropic's broad ellipse
The sprite hath passed, as fleet and fast
As the light of falling stars that cast
A sudden radiance and eclipse;
And all the buds that are folded close
As the inner leaves of an unblown rose,
In bulb, or cone, or scale, or sheath,
And sealed with the odorous gums that breathe
Like the breath of the singing and sighing pine,
When the dews are falling at evening time,
Through cone, and sheath, and bulb, and scale
Tremble and cry, All hail!

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

April 27.

April 28.

April 29.

L'AMOUR anime toute chose
D'un souffle divin créateur :
Le papillon qui se repose
Sur la corolle à peine éclose,
L'ornant d'une corolle sœur ;

L'insecte qui déjà bourdonne
La chanson qu'il apprit de Dieu,
Le brin d'herbe qui s'abandonne
A la caresse que lui donne
L'onde qui sourit au ciel bleu.

—*Ernest Marceau.*

April 30.

J'AI pour médecin la nature ;
Ma pharmacie est mon jardin,
Et la tisane la plus pure,
Est, selon moi, le meilleur vin.

Dans cette cabane rustique
Les maux ne trouvent point d'accès :
Tout me plaît, rien ne me fatigue ;
Si je jouis, c'est sans excès.

Je suis riche dans ma campagne ;
Ses épis sont des épis d'or ;
Gentils enfants bonne campagne
M'aident à cueillir ce trésor.

—*J. D. Mermet.*

April 29.

April 30.

In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away.
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas.

A year passed o'er St. Malo; again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away,
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent.

But the Earth is as the Future—it hath its hidden side—
And the Commodore Jacques Cartier was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the north—while his kinsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross.
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

—D'Arcy McGee.

May.

May 1.

PHTHISIQUE et toussant dans la neige,
L'Hiver s'est éteint lentement.
Le ciel pleurait pour le cortège,
Le jour de son enterrement.

C'est au Printemps à lui survivre.
Il revient en grand appareil,
Non pas en casquette de givre,
Mais en cravate de soleil.

Sortons. La boue est disparue ;
Et pour mieux protéger son teint,
Avril qui passe dans la rue,
Tient son parasol à la main.

Et Mai qui le suit par derrière,
S'avance, le front decouvert,
Une rose à la boutonnière
De son habit de velours vert.

—*Eudore Evantuel.*

May 2.

PUISSENT, ma bonne Amie,
Les pages de ta vie,
Avoir aussi leurs fleurs !
La paix et l'allégresse,
Un plaisir, une ivresse,
Et jamais d'amers pleurs.

—*Léon Pamphile Lemay.*

May 1.

May 2.

May 3.

With throb of throstle and with throat of wren,
Full of soft cheepings comes the longed-for May;
With myriad murmuring life throughout each day,
It grows and greens in grove and field and glen.
Gleam marigolds across each fragrant fen;
The fields grow bright with dandelion gold;
The buttercups are yellow on the wold,
Till all the earth is made glad unto men.

And thus May comes most like some sylvan queen,
Her trailing garments fringed with green and gold;
And passes by with shimmer and with sheen
Of all her verdure, till she reach the fold
That rose-crowned June will offer her between
His flower-wreathed arms in fragrances untold.

—J. Almon Ritchie.

May 4.

The sweet-mouthed shore hath wed the singing sea,
And winds are joyous with their kissing chime.
The voice-beseeching rapture of the time
An utterance hath found in every tree,
In bursts of happy rhyme.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

"Whither wanderest thou,
O wind, with thy dreamy sighing?"
Take from my lips and brow
The kiss and thought, and speed thee now
To her, though unreplying.

—Professor Chapman.

May 3.

May 4.

May 5.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez me rattache à la vie;
Ah! Si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Is'rais heureux avant qu' il fut deux jours!

Seul en ces bois que j'ai en de soucis!
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis,
. . . . . .
C'est donc ici que le monde m'abandonne!
Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes!

—*Cadieux.*

May 6.

O May! thou'rt an enchantress rare—
Thy presence maketh all things fair;
Thou wavest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

The foaming torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl that faintly murmurs still.

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,
A gleaming glory to the seas,
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

—*Evan MacColl.*

May 5.

May 6.

May 7.

HOZANNA! La forêt renait de ses ruines;
La mousse attache au roc son manteau de velours;

. . . . . .

Et dans l' ombre des nids,—fidèle aux lois divines,
Bientôt va commencer la saison des amours!

. . . . . .

Sortons-nous, et groupés sur le seuil de la porte
Respirons à loisir le vent que nous apporte
Comme un vague parfum de lilas embaumés.

—L. H. Fréchette.

May 8.

BUILD high thy nest, fond mortal, build it high,
Thy wonted cunning 's all in vain.
Thine art and curious labour boldly try;
Thy toil is for another's gain.

"Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."—*Virgil.*

—Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson.

I TRUSTED that this perfect love of mine
Had won like love from thee; and so my days
Were filled with song of birds and summer-shine,
And roses bloomed for me on all the ways.
But love comes not because we wish it so,
'Tis lawless as the cold uncertain sea;
Some ships to peaceful shores its breezes blow—
But some are wrecked on reefs of misery.

—A. Stevenson.

May 7.

May 8.

May 9.

THERE 's a day of life that I love best—
Early May with a touch of June;
Blue sky spreading east and west,
And a river humming a rugged tune.

The fresh breeze bears the breath of the blossoms—
Over the way in the woods all wet;
The birds with song are swelling their bosoms—
'Tis a year since last they met.

O heart! O love, do you love that day,
Early May with a touch of June,
Blue sky vaulting the broadening bay,
And the river humming a happy tune.

—M. F. Griffin.

May 10.

WINE is strong, and strong is the King, and woman is stronger still,
But strongest of all is Truth, that lieth in God's will.

For God is Truth, and Truth is God, and happy the man,
Who sets his heart upon it, instead of on woman.

—John Lesperance.

May 9.

May 10.

May 11.

As some gem enriching,
Lost as soon as found,—
As some strain bewitching,
In a discord drown'd—
As Eden fruit within some fair forbidden bound.—

As a starlet looking
On some wreck-strewn tide—
With its brightness mocking
The destruction wide—
So is to my fond heart thy beauty and thy pride.

May 12.

Suns were made to warm us,
Stars to cheer us shine,
Soars the lark to charm us
With her song divine;
O think not less to please such peerless graces thine!

Love, thou archer clever,
If thy shafts must fly,
Aim at Anna—give her
In her turn to sigh,
Or teach me of thy grace her scorning to defy.

—*Evan MacColl.*

May 11.

May 12.

May 13.

L'AMOUR c'est un aimable songe
Qui berce le cœur un instant,
Le monde est un lieu de tourment,
Et le bonheur—c'est un mensonge !

Enfant chérie, sur ton berceau
Dors du sommeil de l'innocence,
Car c'est le rêve de l'enfance
Qui dans la vie, est le plus beau.

—Felix G. Marchand.

May 14.

THERE is but one to whom my hopes are clinging,
As clings the bee unto the morning flower ;
There is but one to whom my thoughts are winging
Their dove-like passage through each silent hour :
One who has made my heart her summer bower,—
Feeling and passion there forever bloom
For her, who, by her love's mysterious power,
Dispels the languor of my spirit's gloom,
And lifts my dead heart up, like Lazarus from the tomb.

—Chas. Sangster.

May 13.

May 14.

May 15.

O, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand;
And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love, these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea,
Love's solid land is everywhere!

—Isabella V. Crawford.

May 16.

From scenes of glad love crownèd, long gone down
The droning-billowed reaches of the years,
The lotus-flutes are shrilling in mine ears,
And torches flash into mine eyes and drown
Their sight in envious tears.

Oh, too long tarryings make a weary way,
Then kiss me, Love, and kiss me; for the wings
Of time are ever dropping divers things;
And who may from the promise of to-day
Guess what the morrow brings!

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

May 15.

May 16.

May 17.

On ne peut être toujours belle;
Souvent, on ne le fut jamais.
Sois donc, alors, spirituelle
Et gaie, ô femme, et tu nous plais.
Ne sois pas par trop raisonnable,
Et par trop ne disputes pas;
Mais sois douce, polie, affable,
On te trouvera des appas.

—*Michel Bibaud.*

Aimer est un mot doux à dire,
Nous dit une aimable chanson;
Tendrement on aime à l'écrire,
On ne le lit point sans frisson.....

—*F. A. Belanger.*

May 18.

. . . Max, the lover, found
The labourer's arms grow mightier day by day,
More iron-welded as he slew the trees;
And with the constant yearning of his heart
Towards little Kate, part of a world away,
His young soul grew and shew'd a virile front,
Full-muscled and large-statured, like his flesh.
. . . . . .
For Love, once set within a lover's breast
Has its own sun—its own peculiar sky,
All one great daffodil—on which do lie
The sun, the moon, the stars—all seen at once,
And never setting, but all shining straight
Into the faces of the trinity—
The one belov'd, the lover, and sweet Love!

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

May 17.

May 18.

May 19.

We never say, "Good Night,"
For our eager lips are fleeter
Than the tongue, and a kiss is sweeter
Than parting words,
That cut like swords;
So we always kiss Good Night.

There comes a last Good Night,
Human life—not love—is fleeting;
Heaven send many a birthday greeting;
Dim years roll on
To life's gray-haired dawn,
Ere we kiss our last Good Night.

—Chas. Sangster.

May 20.

As an imprisoned lark set free,
Soars up to Heaven with joyous strain
Till, lost to sight, his rapturous trill
Falls like a shower of music rain;
Then, with one loud, impassioned burst
His full heart breaks, his song is done,
And, sinking down to earth again,
He sobs his life out 'neath the sun:

E'en so, I, lying at thy feet,
Would sing my love in ardent strain,
Pouring my whole soul out in song,
Only one favoring smile to gain;
And if I died of joy's excess,
Beneath the sun of love like thine,
I'd deem the power of Heaven to bless,
Could give no bliss to equal mine.

—W. H. Fuller.

May 19.

May 20.

May 21.

O Mother England, you would scarce believe
The things we do and say for love of you!
The sprig of holly that we kiss and kiss,
And deck our Christmas table with—three leaves,
Two berries, and a plenitude of stem—
Is far the dearer portion of the feast.
A pot of wallflower or a primrose root,
A linnet or a lark within a cage,—
How carefully we cherish them, and seem
To see through them the dear and distant land,
The ancient churches and the ivied lanes,
The baby bridges and the tiny streams,
The crowded gables and the diamond panes,
Arthur's Tintagel, Shakspere's native strand!

—*Seranus.*

May 22.

Aujourdhui nous avons Albion pour étoile;
Au vent de ses progrès nous tendons notre voile,
Et joyeux nous narguons la tourmente et l'écueil;
Oui, l'avenir sourit à notre destinée,
Et devant nos travaux l'Amérique étonnée
Nous applaudit avec un sourire d'orgueil!

Et si jamais, hèlas! cette France adorée,
Cette France qui verse en notre âme enivrée,
Des souvenirs toujours pleins d'un baume odorant,
Vient à voir s'effondrer son immense royaume,
Vient à s'évanouir comme Athènes et Rome,
On devra la chercher aux bords du Saint Laurent!

—*William Chapman.*

May 21.

May 22.

May 23.

Ainsi puisse Albion sur l'océan du monde,
Bénissant un accord si fécond en bienfaits,
Aux splendides couleurs de la reine de l'onde,
Allier pour toujours le pavillon Français;
Et puissent dans nos champs qu'un même fleuve arrose
L'érable et le chardon, et le trèfle et la rose,
Croître unis et fleurir en paix!

—L. J. C. Fiset.

May 24.

The Queen!—this day around the world,
As westward rolls the sun,
The British flag shall float unfurled,
The British cheer shall run,
To Her—the great, the wise, the good,
The Sovereign of the free,
Each true heart warmed by British blood
Vows deep fidelity.
God save the Queen!
Vive la Reine!
Dhia sabhoil a Banrigh!

—G. W. Wicksteed.

May 23.

May 24.

May 25.

WITNESS the might of England's little isle,
And what made England great will keep her so,
The free soul and the valour of her sons.

. . . . . .

For like to forests are communities—
Fair at a distance—entering, you find
The rubbish and the underbrush of states.
'Tis ever the mean soul that counts the odds,
And where you find this spirit, pluck it up—
'Tis full of mischief.

—*Chas. Mair.*

May 26.

YET Mother England, that new land is fair,
Her shores pile agate and her sands run gold;
Her mountains gleam with garnet, and her capes
With amethystine pansy-purple spar;
And rosy dykes or white traverse the gray
Of that old limestone living in her cliffs.
Her rivers are the fairest in the world—
I challenge this—the brightest in the world,
Most sparkling, blue, and altogether clear.
Her trees drop manna and her blossoms joy.
Her harvests never fail; her streets are full
Of her contented poor, her happy rich . . .

—*Seranus.*

May 25.

May 26.

May 27.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches ;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches ;
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above,
Is the maple of sunny branches.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

May 28.

J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie,
Rome et ses palais enchantés,
J'ai vu notre mère-patrie—
La noble France et ses beautés.
En saluant chaque contrée
Je me disais au fond du cœur ;
Chez nous la vie est moins dorée
Mais on y trouve le bonheur.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

May 27.

May 28.

May 29.

Vous souvient-il du temps où la France chrétienne,
En tête des nations, comme une grande reine,
A travers les siècles marchait ?
Les peuples saluaient sa démarche imposante,
Et devant la croix seule, humble et réconnaissante
Sa noble tête se penchait.

Qu'elle était belle alors ! Dans sa force féconde,
Sa grand intelligence illuminait le monde
Des splendeurs de la vérité !
Son glaive flamboyait comme le soleil même,
Et l'on voyant reluire à son beau diadème
Un rayon d' immortalité.

May 30.

Elle civilisait mais c'était l' Evangile
Qu'elle donnait pour phare à la raison fragile
Des écrivains et des penseurs.
Et jusqu' au bout du monde à travers les abîmes
Elle envoyait partout ses apôtres sublimes,
Donner au Christ des defenseurs.

Le front illuminé d'une sainte auréole
Elle semait au loin la divine parole
Au-delà des monts et des mers ;
Elle gardait au cœur la flamme apostolique,
Et pour grandir le champ de la foi catholique,
Elle allait découvrir un nouvel univers.

—A. B. Routhier.

May 29.

May 30.

May 31.

"This region is as lavish of its flowers
As Heaven of its primrose blooms by night—
This is the Arum which within its root
Folds life and death; and this the Prince's Pine,
Fadeless as love and truth—the fairest form
That ever sun-shower washed with sudden rain.

"This golden cradle is the Moccasin Flower,
Wherein the Indian hunter sees his hound;
And this dark chalice is the Pitcher-plant,
Stored with the water of forgetfulness.

. . . . . .

"O, here I am a part of Nature's self,
And not divorced from her like men who plod
The weary streets of care in search of gain."

—*Chas. Mair.*

The Spring is gone—light, genial-hearted Spring,
Whose breath gives odour to the violet,
Crimsons the wild rose, tints the blackbird's wing,
Unfolds the buttercup. Spring that has set
To music the laughter of the rivulet,
Sent warm pulsations through the hearts of hills,
Re-clothed the forests, made the valleys wet
With pearly dew, and waked the grave old mills
From their calm sleep, by the loud rippling of the rills.

Long years ago the early voyageurs
Gladdened these wilds with some romantic air;
The moonlight, dancing on their dripping oars,
Showed the slow *batteaux* passing by with care,
Impelled by rustic crews as *débonnair*
As ever struck pale sorrow dumb with song;
Many a drooping spirit longed to share
Their pleasant melodies, that swept among
The echo-haunted woods, in accents clear and strong.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

June.

June 1.

On gentle gales up-blowing from the West,
She comes, like long-expected friend of whom
I oft have said, "She cannot come too soon,
So long'd have I to press her to my breast."

. . . . . .

I gaze enraptured on her azure skies,
I feel the pressure of her hand so fair—
Then grief steals over, thinking, oh! how soon—
The halcyon days will pass of my beloved June.

—Henry Prince.

June 2.

If I were blind, and could not see the leaves
Trembling in beauty just above my reach;
If I were deaf, and could not hear the waves
Breaking their tender hearts upon the beach;

Or mute, and could not speak the thought that thrills,
Or cold, insensate, of the clod a part,
I yet should yearn to breathe this air, that fills
The morn as God's love fills the lonely heart.

This is the breath of life—the breath of life!
Wave-washed, sun-kindled, passionately pure.
What ache of heart or brain, what marks of strife
Could not this strong, invisible angel cure?

—A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.

June 1.

June 2.

June 3.

Now come they where they well may see
The blossom-veilèd apple tree.
Quoth Eastland's queen, "It grieveth me
That on the branch but blossoms are!
If it were only Autumn now,
And apples crowned the stooping bough,
I'd deem it fairer far:

"Drooping so ripe and melting mellow,
Rind-streaked red and flecked with yellow,
Each one fairer than its fellow,
Oh, methinks I see them now!"

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

June 4.

Assis dans mon canot d'écorce,
Prompt comme la flèche ou le vent,
Seul je brave toute la force
Des rapides du Saint-Laurent.

C'est mon compagnon de voyage,
Et quand la clarté du jour fait,
Je le renverse sur la plage;
C'est ma cabane pour la nuit.

Quand viendra mon dernier voyage,
Si je ne meurs au fond du flot
Sur ma fosse, près du rivage,
Vous renverserez mon canot.

—*M. l'Abbé Casgrain.*

June 3.

June 4.

June 5.

Now o'er a clear —a placid stream,
Half burnished by the sun's last beam,
Which through the lofty pines was thrown,
Our little bark went proudly gliding,
As mistress of the wave alone,
Where we in safety now were riding
'Midst scenes majestic, and as grand,
As e'er were shaped by Nature's hand.
So lightly did our birch canoe
Steal o'er the bay of liquid blue,
That easily was heard the song
That touched the very soul of feeling.

—*Adam Kidd.*

June 6.

Voyons le capitaine et comme son pouvoir
Fait ranger à sa voix chacun à son devoir
Il parle, on obéit, mais disons davantage ;
Il fait d'un seul regard trembler tout l'équipage,
Absolu sur la mer, comme à terre le roi,
Ses ordres prononcés passant pour une loi.

—*Sieur Jean Taché.*

Quand chaque jour ressemble à la perle d'eau vive,
Que ce soit sur la terre ou bien là-haut qu'on vive,
Qu'importe que plus tard on prenne son essor ?
Le torrent de la vie est comme un fleuve d'or !

—*J. G. Barthe.*

June 5.

June 6.

June 7.

. . . SUDDEN the day
Brake full. . . . . .
All the morning's majesty
And mystery of loveliness lay bare
Before him ; all the limitless blue sea
Brightening with laughter many a league around,
Wind-wrinkled, keel-uncloven far below ;
And far above the bright sky-neighbouring peaks ;
And all around the broken precipices.
Cleft-rooted pines swung over falling foam,
And silver vapours, flushed with the wide flood
Of crimson, slanted from the opening east
Well ranked, the vanguard of the day.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

June 8.

I'LL sing you a song of the sea,
With the waves sparkling bright,
And the breeze blowing light,
And our dear native land on the lea.
How sweet is the song of the sea !
With friends looking out on the quay,
Their kerchiefs and hands waving free,
And bright smiles and welcome for thee—
How sweet ! how sweet !
How sweet is the song of the sea.
. . . . .

—W. H. Fuller.

June 7.

June 8.

June 9.

The blue has killed the gray;
White fleeces swiftly stray
From the shepherd feet of day
Over their azure pasture;
To their morning baths addrest,
The gusts with wrinkling zest,
Over the river's breast
Are following fast and faster.

June 10.

In primal sympathy
All nature laughed with glee,
Shouted to feel him free,
Drank of his breath and kissed him;
Nothing of sound and scent,
Colour and coolness blent;
Nothing the morning meant
In its myriad speeches missed him.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

June 9.

June 10.

June 11.

THRILLING with a sense of freedom,
Bounding forward like a red deer,
Sweeping onward like an eagle,
Like an arrow flew Abeka.
Forests, rivers, glens, and mountains,
All were there; but greater beauty
Clothed the face of hill and valley,
Brighter blossoms decked the woodland,
Birds he saw of rarest plumage,
All the beasts had lost their shyness—
Timid fawns seemed not to fear him.

June 12.

As the sun shines through the water,
As the sea-gull sails the storm-wind,
As the moonbeams pierce the forest,
So Abeka smoothly glided,
Like a shadow among shadows,
Onward through the trees and branches.

—*J. D. Edgar.*

June 11.

June 12.

June 13.

Je me ressouviens de mes blondes années,
Frèles fleurs que le vent du malheur a fanées
De son galet glacé.
J'étais enfant. Avec mes petits camarades
J'allais souvent jouer sous les vertes arcades
Des bosquets embaumés.....
Nous ornions nos chapeaux de roses, de pervenches,
Des oiseaux, nous allions, en écartant les branches,
Chercher les nids aimés.

—*William Chapman.*

June 14.

[France.]

Je t'oublierai ! quand au roc de St. Pierre
De Lucifer triompheront les lois,
Ou que des Turcs le sanglant cimeterre
Du Vatican fera tomber la Croix.

Je t'oublierai ! quand la fière Angleterre
Aux Canadiens prendra leur étendard,
Ou qu'à Paris, la vierge de Nanterre
Verra flotter les crins du Léopard.

—*Edouard Sempé..*

"Jui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublerai."

—*Chanson Populaire.*

June 13.

June 14.

June 15.

[1837.]

Un Canadien, errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.

Un jour, triste et pensif,
Assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif
Il adressa ces mots :

"Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis,
Que je me souviens d'eux.

June 16.

O jours si pleins d'appas,
Vous êtes disparus,
Et ma patrie, hèlas!
Je ne la verrai plus!

Non, mais en expirant,
O mon cher Canada,
Mon regard languissant
Vers toi se portera!"

—*M. Gérin-Lajoie.*

June 15.

June 16.

June 17.

La nuit descend sur la terre ;
Un bandeau de pourpre et d'or
A l'horizon flotte encore ;
Heure pleine de mystère
La lune au front argenté
Déroule au chaque chose
Comme un voile de beauté.

. . . . .

Dieu ! n'est-ce pas le prélude
Qui m'invite à mêler
A vos fêtes éternelles ?
Anges, prêtez-moi vos ailes,
Je veux m'envoler !

—*M. J. Marsile.*

June 18.

O may my spirit find its final home
On those fair uplands, where for ever bloom,
As on their native soil, those flowers and fruits
Which crown humanity with wreaths of heaven ;
Where dwell the splendid fancies that entrance
The poet's soul, those unembodied shapes
No chisel ever yet enshrined in stone,
And those fair lines no pencil ever took
From earthly colours, and those rapturous tones
Which never yet were struck by mortal lyre ;
Where Duty is a never-setting sun,
And Love is victor over all offence,
And good men drink the springs from which they draw
The inspiration of their grandest deeds,
And in the perfectness of life see God !

—*Prof. J. Clark Murray.*

June 17.

June 18.

June 19.

VOULEZ-VOUS écouter chanter
Une chanson de verité?
Le dix-neuf de juin la bande des Bois-Brulés
Sont arrivés comme de braves guerriers.

En arrivant à la grenouillère
Nous avons fait trois prisonniers,
Trois personnes de Arkanys (Orkneys)
Qui sont ici pour piller notre pays.

. . . . .

Qui en a composé ce chanson?
Pierriche Falcon, ce bon garçon;
Elle a été faite et composée
Sur la victoire que nous avons gagnés.

—Pierre Falcon.

June 20.

OH! blow, south wind, from the coral strand,
Thy breath is sweet with the flowers' perfume;
Thrice welcome thou to our cold north land,
To cheer our hearts with the rose's bloom!

—John Imrie.

AUX approches, du soir, aux sons lents de l'airain,
Nos voix à l'unisson, nos rames en cadence,
Quand l'ombre des forêts se perd dans le lointain,
A Sainte Anne chantons l'hymne de la partance.

Ramons, camarades, ramons,
Les courants nous dévancent,
Les rapides s'avancent,
La nuit descend dans les vallons.

—Dominique Mondelet.

June 19.

June 20.

June 21.

O Canada! quand sur ta rive
Ton heureux fils est de retour,
Rempli d'une ivresse plus vive,
Son cœur répète avec amour;
Heureux qui peut passer sa vie
Toujours fidèle à te servir,
Et dans tes bras, mère chérie,
Peut rendre son dernier soupir.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

June 22.

No angel fully knows that he is blessed;
No miser knows the value of his gold;
The devils only know what heaven possessed,
And ruined spendthrifts their estate of old.

. . . . . .

Some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
Flying before the hounds of circumstance,
Adown the windy gullies of this life.

—*Chas. Heavysege.*

June 21.

June 22.

June 23.

[Villanelle.]

Du pays de sa naissance,
Si l'on n'y peut revenir—
On garde au moins souverance.

On chasse ennuis et souffrance
En rêvant à l'avenir
Du pays de sa naissance.

Des aïeux venus de France,
Gloire qu'on ne veut ternir,
On garde au moins souverance.

June 24.

Bientôt renaît l'espérance,
Et demain l'on va partir
Pour l'endroit da sa naissance.

On y revoit son enfance ;
D'un bonheur qui dut finir
On garde au moins souverance.

Après une longue absence,
S'il ne peut nous retenir,
Du pays de sa naissance
On garde au moins souverance.

—*P. J. O. Chauveau.*

June 23.

June 24.

June 25.

Parmi vos Parisiens il n'est pas trés commun,
De trouver un auteur qui revient de la Chine
Ou bien du Canada—c'est tout un j'imagine.
Sur nous vous le savez, on a dit de tout temps
Les rêves les plus fous, les plus gros contresens,
De nous défigurer, il faudra qu'on s'arrête.
Lorsque vous ferez voir au savant Phılarête
Qu'il a trop ménagé l'insolent Warburton
Dont les pointes parfois sont d'assez mauvais ton
Qu'un critique pourrait sans trop se compromettre,
Etudier la carte afin de ne pas mettre

June 26.

Dans les Etats-Unis, Bytown ni Toronto,
Que Montréal n'est pas voisin de Tampico,
De New York à Boston que les Indiens sont rare,
Ici même nos bois s'en montrent très avares
. . . Aves ces variantes
Les critiques seront bien moins hilariantes.
A vos amis, surtout dites bien
Qu'on n'est point tatoué pour être Canadien !

—*P. J. O. Chauveau.*

June 25.

June 26.

June 27.

A small blue flower with yellow eye
Hath mightier spell to move my soul
Than even the mightiest notes which roll
From man's most perfect minstrelsy.
A flash, a momentary gleam,
A glimpse of some celestial dream,
And tears alone are left to me.

Filled with a longing, vague and dim,
I hold the flower in every light,
To purge my soul's redarkened sight.
I grope till all my senses swim.
In vain; I feel the ecstasy
Only when suddenly I see
This pale star with the sapphire rim.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

June 28.

In meadows deep, till summer's fullest flush,
With burnished buttercups and clover sweet,
Where coy wild strawberries into ripeness blush,
And eager children stray with restless feet,

The dandelions all at leisure grow,
Their silvery stems reach upward day by day,
Awhile a gladsome, golden light they show,
Then change to filmy moons and pass away.

What need of haste? The summer days are long,
And, ere the mower thinks upon his scythe,
'Mid sunshine, hum of bees, and warbled song,
The dandelion has lived its life, full blithe.

—*Mrs. W. N. Clarke.*

June 27.

June 28.

June 29.

WINTER is mocked by garbs of green
Worn by the copses flaked with snow,
White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
In hedgerows deep; and cattle seen
In meadows spangled thick with gold;
And globes where lovers' fates are told
Around the red-doored houses low,
While rising o'er them, fold on fold,
The distant hills in azure glow.

—*Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.C.M.G.*

June 30.

PANSIES for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud
But mystically whisper in a flower,
While stands the shadowy Future pale and bowed,
Drawing the emblem-lots that shall them dower,—
Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,
Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart,
Wild woodbine, briars, gray moss pluck'd from a tomb,
Balm flowers, sweet balsam, stinging-nettle smart—
Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,
Given in Elfin Court Midsummer eve.

—*John King.*

June 29.

June 30.

To-day, I said, the dust of creeds,
The wind of words reach not my needs;
I worship with the birds and weeds.

From height to height the sunbeam sprung,
The wild vine, touched with vermeil, clung,
The mountain brooklet leapt and sung.

The white lamp of the lily made
A tender light in deepest shade—
The solitary place was glad.

The wild rose swung her fragrant vase,
The daisy answered from her place—
Praise him whose looks are full of grace.

And violets murmured where the feet
Of brooks made hollows cool and deep;
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Stars twinkled through the coming night,—
A voice dropped down the purple light,—
At even time it shall be light.

Ah, rest my soul, for God is good;
Though sometimes faintly understood,
His goodness fills the solitude.

Fold up thy spirit—trust the night,
As blossoms fold their leaves at night.
And trust the sun, though out of sight.

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

July.

July 1.

Methought in visions of the night—
I saw, as in a dream Elysian,
Our fair Dominion spread in sight,
As from a prophet's mount of vision.
From east to west it seemed to be
Across the continent extended,
And mighty stream and inland sea
Gleamed in the sun—a vision splendid.

July 2.

Fair heritage and fruitful soil,
This land—our own—we fondly cherish.
Kept for us by the blood and toil
Of those whose memory ne'er should perish,
A land where Nature's forces teach
A lesson stern, of bravely bearing
Danger and ill—and youth may reach
A prime of right and noble daring.

—*Fidelis.*

July 1.

July 2.

July 3.

[Canada.]

By thy winter's stainless snow,
Starry heavens of purest glow;
Glorious summers, fervid, bright,
Basking in one blaze of light;
By thy fair salubrious clime,
By thy scenery sublime;
By thy mountains, streams and woods,
By thy everlasting floods—
If greatness dwells beneath the skies
Thou to greatness shalt arise.

—*Susanna Moodie.*

July 4.

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtile strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long withstood
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong
Knitting the mother and the daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of friendly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now in that firm gage
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age.

—*W. H. Withrow.*

Et puis quand on la saura
Yankee Doodle on chantera,
Après quoi l'on s'écriera:
Vive la Republique!

—*Chanson Historique (1807).*

July 3.

July 4.

July 5.

Low flies the summer swallow, scenting rain,
And low my heart from prescience of pain;
When the clouds scatter both shall mount again.

Nor men, nor swallows, can soar every day,
And men, and swallows should not, if they may,
And well for both that skies are sometimes gray.

For though the world is dull without the sun,
More sweetly shines he after showers are done,
And eyes are gladder when the tears have run.

—*Alice Horton.*

July 6.

Quand on gronde, gronde, gronde,
On voit du mauvais côté.

. . . . .

Des mille côtés de la vie
Prenons toujours le plus joyeux.

—*Benjamin Sulte.*

July 5.

July 6.

July 7.

Le remords ne peut te saisir,
Naïve et confiante enfance,
Dont la gaieté prend la défense,
Non, sous l'égide du plaisir,
Le remords ne peut te saisir.....

Il ne t'a jamais fait pleurer
Comme on pleure quand on est homme,
Quand l'avenir, tel qu' un fantôme,
Effraie et ne peut plus leurrer.....
Il ne t'a jamais fait pleurer.

July 8.

Tu verses bien, parfois des larmes,
Dans tes jours les plus orageux.
Qui s'écoulent au sein des jeux;
En faisant tes premières armes,
Tu verses bien, parfois des larmes.

Mais tu n'a pas de noirs chagrins,
Pour un habit que tu déchires,
Ce sont des pleurs mêlés de rires,
Qui rendent tes traits plus sereins,
Mais tu n'as pas de noirs chagrins.

—J. A. Belanger.

July 7.

July 8.

July 9.

WHAT wilt thou do with thy heart, my child?

. . . . . .

Guard it, a treasure of price untold,
Of value beyond earth's gems and gold;
Guard it from breath, from shadow of sin,
No tempter must foothold gain within.
Let love of thy God, and love of thy kind,
Like tendrils around it closely wind,
Blending those feelings of purest worth
With love of Canada, land of thy birth.

—Mrs. Leprohon.

July 10.

HERE are no books to be written or read,
But cushions of softest moss instead,
Without a care to cumber;
And fern-leaf fan for the weary head,
Soothing the soul to slumber.

Oh! come from the dusty haunts of trade,
From the desk, the ledger, the loom, the spade,—
There is neither toil nor payment.
Forget for once, in this peaceful shade,
The sordid ways in which dollars are made,
And food, and drink, and raiment.

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

July 9.

July 10.

July 11.

THE purple shadows, dreamingly
Upon the dreaming waters lie,
And darken with the darkening sky.

Calmly across the lake we float,
I and thou, my little boat,
The lake with its gray mist-capote.

We lost the moon an hour ago,
We saw it dip and downward go,
Whilst still the West was all aglow.

But in those blue depths, moon-forsaken,
A moon-like star its place hath taken;
And one by one the rest awaken.

—Professor Chapman.

July 12.

L'OISEAU d'une aile légère,
Vole aux climats tempérés;
Le doux rayon de lumière
Vient peindre dans la paupière
Les lieux qu'il a pénétrés.

A son nid fuit la colombe,
Dans le fleuve le ruisseau,
Dans les escadron la bombe;
A son objet tout retombe
L'homme descend au tombeau.

—E. Prud'homme.

July 11.

July 12.

July 13.

But four times twenty years gives Fate,
Divides, controls, bids consecrate
Twenty for growing, for laughter, and yearning,
Twenty for loving, and mating, and learning,
Twenty for making a name with the best,
Twenty for wisdom, remembrance, and rest,
He who would have Life's full estate,
Keeps thus his years inviolate.

—*Frederick A. Dixon.*

July 14.

In my heart are many chambers through which I wander free,
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light,
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.

But there's one I never enter, it is closed to even me,
Only once its door was opened and it shut for ever more ;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like the sea,
It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.

—*John Reade.*

July 13.

July 14.

July 15.

BACK along the river's edge
Twists a tangled hawthorn hedge,
In whose thickets lurks the thrush,
Broods the skylark in the weeds,
Floats the teal among the reeds,
The warm wild-roses flush;

The sundews clasp their glittering beads,
The sun in mid-sky reins his steeds,
And languid noon enwraps the earth;
Scarce a living creature stirs
Save some gadding grasshoppers
That heedless prate their mirth.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

July 16.

FIREFLY, thou art a pretty, pleasing thing,
In evening's dusk we catch, and thickening night,
Now here, now there, by closed or opening wing,
In grass and bushes wild, thy shimmering light—
It meets, it shuns, it meets again the sight,
And this we note with emblematic aim,
In stillness, thou art dark, in motion bright,
We, men and Christians, are not we the same?

. . . . . .

Let us—O we have higher, holier mark—
Beware the light within us be not dark!

—Bishop Mountain.

July 15.

July 16.

July 17.

La main brunie à l'espagnole,
Semant des bouquets à foison,
L'eté danse la farandole,
Le pied perdu dans le gazon.

Le trèfle croît sur la muraille,
Le grillon chante dans le thym ;
Et juillet, en chapeau de paille,
Arrose les fleurs du jardin.

July 18.

Il fait plus chaud que dans la forge
Où, pour les forçats de l'enfer,
Satan sur son enclume forge
La chaine et le boulet de fer.

Le blé promet. La fraise est mûre.
Quand vient le soir, tant l'air est bon,
La lune, en quête d'aventure,
Se promène sur son balcon.

—*Eudore Evanturel.*

July 17.

July 18.

July 19.

. . . On a certain day,
All set about with roses and with fire;
One of three days of heat which frequent slip,
Like triple rubies, in between the sweet,
Mild, emerald days of summer, Katie went,
Drawn by a yearning for the ice-pale blooms,
Natant and shining—firing all the bay,
With angel fires built up of snow and gold.
. . . . . .
"This is a day for lily-love," said Kate,
The while she made bare the lilies of her feet,
And sang a lily-song that Max had made,
That spoke of lilies—always meaning Kate.

July 20.

"Mild soul of the unsalted wave!
White bosom, holding golden fire!
Deep as some ocean-hidden cave
Are fixed the roots of thy desire,
Thro' limpid currents stealing up,
And rounding to the pearly cup
Thou dost desire,
With all thy trembling heart of sinless fire,
But to be filled
With dew distilled
From clear, fond skies, that in their gloom
Hold, floating high, thy sister moon."

—Isabella V. Crawford.

July 19.

July 20.

July 21.

Il est midi. La chambre est sombre ;
A la fenêtre on a cloué,
Pour donner du frais et de l'ombre,
Un grand châle à carreaux, troué.

Dans un coin la paupière close,
Sur son oreiller de duvet,
Le bébé doucement repose,
Et le chien dort à son chevet.

A travers les trous du vieux châle
Que son poids fait partout plisser,
Un rayon de lumière pâle,
De temps en temps vient se glisser,

Dans l'autre chambre, le potage
Se met sur la table, fumant,

July 22.

Le père rentre de l'ouvrage,
Joyeux. Mystérieusement,

La mère, le doigt sur la bouche,
Par la porte ouverte à demi
Lui montre, dans un coin, la couche
Où bébé repose endormie.

Un bras replié sur le tête,
Colle au front ces cheveux mouillés ;
De la couverture indiscrète
On voit sortir deux petits pieds.

Eux se regarderent en silence,
Tout émus, la main dans la main,
Pendant qu' à part soi, chacun pense
Il aura ses six mois demain.

—*Napoleon Légendre.*

July 21.

July 22.

July 23.

BULRUSHES.

When soft rich breezes lull the drowsing land,
Where dragon-flies float down across the stream,
Erect and swarthy in the blue light, stand
These sentinels of summer's murmurous dream.

BUTTERCUPS.

These myriad pasture chalices of gold
A sweet wind blows, they know not whence, above:
Soft up the hill-grass wine-warm light is rolled,
And every flawless cup is filled with love.

MAPLE LEAVES.

Some maple leaves even in summer heat
The fevered flush of anguished grief had caught—
The very waywardness of sadness sweet:
Was it in memory or in weird forethought?

—Bliss Carman.

July 24.

We are waiting in the nightfall by the river's placid rim,
Summer silence all about us, save where swallows' pinions skim
The still, gray waters sharply, and the widening circles reach,
With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on the beach.
The sun has set long, long ago. Against the pearly sky
Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight and high.
Behind us stands the forest with its black and lonely pines,
Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River winds;
Far down its bank the village lights are creeping one by one,
Far up above, with holy torch the evening star looks down.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

July 23.

July 24.

July 25.

S'IL est un être irrésistible,
Dans ce qu'il fait, indépendant,
Impartial, indifférent,
A la prière inaccessible,
Contempteur d'un flatteur encens,
Sourd aux accens les plus touchans,
A tout, en un mot, insensible,
Cet être certes, c'est le Temps.
Le Temps flétrit la fleur brillante,
Tane l'herbe au milieu du champ,
Gâte le fruit appétissant,
Sèche la plante nourrissante,

July 26.

Pourrit l'arbre, rouge le fer,
Use l'argent, brise la pierre,
Fait d'une ville un cimetière,
Une solitude, un désert ;
Change le printems en automne,
En vieillards les vermeils enfants.
Non, le Temps n'épargnes personne,
Ne respecte petits ni grands,
Moissonne les lâches, les braves ;
Ne ménage pas plus les rois
Que les derniers de leurs esclaves.

—*Michel Bibaud.*

July 25.

July 26.

July 27.

CHILDHOOD alone is glad. With it time flees
In constant mimes and bright festivities;
It, like the ever-restless butterfly,
Or seeks or settles on some flower of joy.
Youth chases pleasure, but oft starteth pain;
And love, youth's birthright, oft is love in vain;
While manhood follows wealth, or woos ambition,
That are but courted cares; and with transition
Insensible, he enters upon age;
Thence gliding like a spectre from life's stage,
E'en through the door of dotage.

—Chas. Heavysege.

July 28.

O ANGEL of the gloomy brows, and wings
Close-folded, and many-changing form!
Thou comest to the maiden when she sings,
Thou comest to the sailor in the storm.

To some thou comest from the cannon's mouth—
Some quickly die, some linger on in pain—
Softly to some, as breezes from the south,
As on the folded lilies falls the rain,
As creep the shadows from the temple vanes,
As strike the sunbeams on the window panes.

—M. J. Griffin.

July 27.

July 28.

July 29.

BENEATH the green of every veinèd leaf
Dropped in through long, bright days of bloom and balm,
A secret bides, the which no giant's arm
May wrest from out such keeping.

What *is* this flame—this force pervading all?
This spirit through creation manifest?
In man the ruler and in things that crawl,
And in the daisy with its silken vest?

July 30.

We call it Life, unknowing what we call;
Its laws and its conditions we have guessed,
But of itself we know not, for it shuns
All probe and scalpel—at a touch it flies;
It goes, perchance through higher forms to rise,
To flourish in the light of other suns.
But of itself we know not, for the sod
Where the leaf dies doth give no answer back.

—*Mary Barry Smith.*

July 29.

July 30.

July 31.

WHY are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why!
'Tis because the infinite
Which they've left is still in sight,
And they know no earthly blight,
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?
Tell me why!
'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosom every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway,
Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why!
'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming, they are free;
Hearts, not lips, their organs be,
Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

Why do children love so true?
Tell me why!
'Tis because they cleave unto
A familiar, favourite few,
Without art or self in view,
Therefore 'tis they love so true.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

But when fierce August suns, careering high,
Gaze hot and silent from the brazen sky;
When bird and beast forsake the open glade,
And pant all mute within the sultry shade;
When not a breath doth stir the lightest leaf,
And springs and brooks dried up deny relief,
Then, lo! A small, dark cloud all fringed with red
Above the horizon lifts its livid head.
The muttering thunder, with unceasing din,
Proclaims the strife of elements within,
And livid flashes flood the murky clouds,
As faster on they follow; crowds on crowds,
A thousand birds aloft in terror rise
And seek the safest haunts with piercing cries;
The shattered boughs upon the tempest ride,
And rocking forests groan from side to side.
While cataracts of rain in deluge pour,
And sweep the smoking land with ceaseless roar.

—*William Kirby.*

August.

August 1.

The wild tornado passes, and the sun
With golden rays peeps through the clouds of dun;
Green nature glistens, and the piping bird
Within the dripping grove is fluttering heard;
And earth refreshed emerges from the storm
With smiling face and renovated form.

. . . . . .

So oft in human life, when Fortune's blaze,
Makes men forgetful of their Maker's praise,
Observe kind Providence, with holy ire,
Send on that man its purifying fire.

—*William Kirby.*

August 2.

Be wise, and take youth's heritage,
Rememb'ring this—there comes old age,

When the eye has lost its flash and fire,
And the heart has spent its strong desire;

When the bleared eyes dimly see,
And remains but memory.

Be wise, and take youth's heritage,
Rememb'ring this—there comes old age.

—*Frederick A. Dixon.*

August 1.

August 2.

August 3.

TIME bears a scythe around the earth,
An hour-glass noting death and birth,
A pouch for proverbs at his side,
And scatters broadcast far and wide,
Truths that in manly breasts should bide,
To light and lead them.

Truths to the shepherd kings once told—
Truths flowing from the hills of old,
And good for men to feel, though cold—
And much *we* need them!

—Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

August 4.

O GRAND fleuve de temps, que ton onde est perfide,
Tu portes sans retour dans ta course rapide
Nos rêves et nos jours!
Tu roules solennel; qu'importe la tempête
Qui gronde sur tes bords? nul obstacle n'arrête
Ton inflexible cours.

—James Donnelly.

August 3.

August 4.

August 5.

TEARING up the stubborn soil,
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands and feet and garments soiling,
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye,
Borrowed from yon glowing sky,
And there's meaning in his glances
That bespeak no dreamer's fancies,
For his mind has precious lore,
Gleaned from Nature's sacred store.

August 6.

Nature's open volume lies
Richly tinted, brightly beaming,
With its varied lessons teeming
All outspread before his eyes.
Dewy glades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,
Sun and shade, and bird and bee,
Fount and forest, hill and lea,
All things beautiful and fair,
His benignant teachers are.

—Mrs. Yule.

August 5.

August 6.

August 7.

. . . . . .

Ould Dolan smiled wid eyes so bright an' gray,
Says he, "Kape up yer heart—I never knew
Since I come out a single hungry day!
But thin I left the crowded city sthreets,
There's men galore to toil in thim and die,
Meself wint wid me axe to cut a home
In the green woods, beneath the clear, swate sky.
I did that same, an', God be prais'd, this day
Plinty sits smilin' by me own dear dure;
An' in thim years I never wanst have seen
A famished child creep tremblin' on me flure.

. . . . . .

'Twould make yer heart lape just to take a look
At the green fields upon me own big farm,
An', God be prais'd! all men may have the same,
That owns an axe, an' has a strong right arm!"

—Isabella V. Crawford.

August 8.

Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea
The ripened moon; along the trancèd sand
The feather-shadowed ferns drooped dreamfully;
The solitude's evading harmony
Mingled remotely over sea and land;
A light wind woke and whispered warily,
And myriad ripples tinkled on the strand.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

August 7.

August 8.

August 9.

O LES vives chansons qui montent des prairies,
Les doux arômes du foin mûr!
O le soleil ardent! Les riches draperies
Qui flottent sous le ciel d'azur!

Satisfait de l'ouvrage,
Qu'il fait avec courage,
Depuis que l'aube a lui,
Le faucheur sur la plaine,
De temps en temps promène
Son œil autour de lui.

August 10.

Sur sa faulx il s'appuie,
Et, de sa main, essuie
Son front tout ruisselant,
Car une effluve chaude
Sur le pré d'émeraude
Circule maintenant.

O les vives chansons qui montent des prairies,
Les doux arômes du foin mûr!
O le soleil ardent! Les riches draperies
Qui flottent sous le ciel d'azur!

—*Léon Pamphile Lemay.*

August 9.

August 10.

August 11.

WYTHE some it is shippes and golde;
Wythe some it is dwellings faire;
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde
Theire beautie away from the aire;
Wythe some it is castles in Spain
That tower through a rosie cloud;
Wythe some it is visions of Paine
That compass them like a shroud.
Wythe others 'tis feasting and fun,
The thynge they call "Lyfe," no doubt;
Wythe some it is fame well done,
And garnished with puffes about;

August 12.

Wythe some it is places highe;
Wythe some it is stockes and shares;
Wythe others 'tis kites to flie;
Wythe some it is fancie faires;
Wythe some it is grace to walk
Through lyfe aright to the grave;
Wythe some it is yearning to talk
Wythe the friend beyond the wave;
Wythe some 'tis to make new friends;
Wythe others to keep but one;
Wythe some 'tis to make both ends
Meet as they never have done.

—*Seranus.*

August 11.

August 12.

August 13.

Aux profondeurs de vos taillis,
Je veux lire votre poème,
O mes belles forêts que j'aime!
Vastes forêts de mon pays!

Oui, j'irai voir si les vieux hêtres,
Savent ce que sont devenus
Leurs rois d'alors, vos anciens maîtres,
Les guerriers rouges aux flancs nus.

Je chercherai dans les savanes
La trace des grands élans roux
Que l'Iroquois, l'oeil en courroux,
Chassait jadis en caravanes.

August 14.

Dans ces souvenirs glorieux
La forêt entière drapée,
Me dira l'immense épopée!
De son passé mystérieux!

Mais quand mon oreille attentive
De tous ces bruits s'enivrera,
Tout près de moi retentira.....
Un sifflet de locomotive!

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

August 13.

August 14.

August 15.

Our life is like a forest where the sun
Glints down upon us through the throbbing leaves;
The full light rarely finds us. One by one
Deep rooted in our souls there springeth up
Dark groves of human passion, rich in gloom,
At first no bigger than an acorn-cup.
Hope threads the tangled labyrinth, but grieves
Till all our sins have rotted in their tomb,
And made the rich loam of each yearning heart
To bring forth fruits and flowers to new life.
. . . Thus in light and shade
We live, and move, and die, through all this earthly glade.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

August 16.

Said the voice of Evil to the ear of Good,
"Clasp thou my strong right hand,
Nor shall our clasp be known or understood
By any in our land.

"I, the dark giant, rule strongly on the earth,
Yet, thou, bright one, and I
Sprang from the one great mystery—at one birth
We looked upon the sky!"

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

August 15.

August 16.

August 17.

[Sable Island.]

The winds are but thy blood-hounds that do force
The prey into thy toils; the insidious stream
That steadily pursues its noiseless course,
Warmed by the glow of many a tropic beam,
To seas where northern blasts more rudely scream,
Is thy perpetual almoner, and brings
All that to man doth rich and lovely seem,—
Earth's glorious gifts—its fair and glorious things,
And round thy dreary shores its spoils profusely flings.

August 18.

The stateliest stems the northern forest yields,
The richest produce of each southern shore,
The gathered harvest of a thousand fields,
Earned by man's sweat—or paid for by his gore.
The splendid robes the caverned monsters wore,
The gold that sparkled in Potosi's mine,
The perfumed spice the eastern island bore,
The gems, whose rays like morning sunbeams shine,
All—all—insatiate isle—these treasures all are thine!

—Hon. Jos. Howe.

August 17.

August 18.

August 19.

I'LL sing you a song of the sea,
When the sky lowers dark
O'er the plague-stricken barque,
As she drifts on the desolate sea.
How sad is the song of the sea,
When overhead hangs the dun cloud,
Like a pall o'er the dead sailor's shroud,
As he sinks in the vast wand'ring sea,
How sad! how sad!
How sad is the song of the sea!

August 20.

I'll sing you a song of the sea,
When the fierce lightnings flash,
And the stormy waves dash,
And the rocky shore looms on the lee;
How dread is the song of the sea!
When the hearts of the bravest will quail,
As they shrink from the furious gale,
And the wrath of the menacing sea,
How dread! how dread!
How dread is the song of the sea!

—W. H. Fuller.

August 19.

August 20.

August 21.

The sunset with its red and purple skirts
Hung softly o'er the bay, whose rippled breast
Flashed crimson, and the froth-streaks round the beach
Were glowing pink. The sands burned ruddy gold,
And foot-marks crossing them lay sharp and black.
A flood of purple glory swept the shores,
And spread upon the vineyards, and the groves
Of olives round the river's banks, and clothed
The further matted jungles, whence it climbed
The rugged scaurs and jagged ravines, till
It lay a splendor on the endless snow.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

August 22.

Baptiston, c'est un homme, épais, positif!
Fleurs gais, soleils au bois, riantes promenades—
Baptiston, mon ami, n'est pas assez naïf
Pour goûter, comme un fou, des fadeurs aussi fades.

Montez-lui, quelque soir, ce coucher de soleil
Ce grand dôme d'azur, cet occident vermeil :
Il s'émeut à peu près comme ma vache brune,
Qui regarde en beuglant le lever de la lune.

Ma vache au doux regard—que j'estime beaucoup—
Là voyez-vous beuglant au sein du paysage?
Ce globe d'or qui monte au-dessus du bocage,
Elle s'aperçoit bien que c'est neuf; mais c'est tout.

—*M. L'Abbé Apollinaire Gingras.*

August 21.

August 22.

August 23.

Rise! rise! rise!
Thou with the glorious eyes,
And the noiseless step, and the queenly air,
And the wings that beareth beyond despair
The soul that is overladen!
Bear me—O! bear me away!
I am weary of things of clay,
Of the lonely night and the dreary day,
As ever was love-lorn maiden.
O what is the use to toil
Thro' sorrow and sin, that soil
The soul till it hates itself with a hate
Which is ever the sharpest sting of fate,—
Hating the body, its wedded mate.

—Carroll Ryan.

August 24.

Night hath her fancies as she shroudeth us;
And when the body, weary from its labour
Doth rest in peace, fancy wakes up again,
And acts the scenes that we had passed among.
Yet, there is more than fancy in a dream;
And few men live who have not felt their force.
Oft in our dreams the spirits of the dead
Do show themselves to eyes within the soul;
And spirit comes to spirit, as of yore,
And maketh our lost friendship even fresher.
. . . . . .
Dreams are realities, while they do last.

—J. H. Garnier.

August 23.

August 24.

August 25.

HESPER appears when flowing gales
Have filled the sunset's fervid sails,
When down the low, dim orient hills,
The purple gloaming soft distils
To nestle in the crooning vales.

To fretted hearts whom want assails,
Whom youth, nor hope, nor love avails
To loose their wearying load of ills,
Hesper appears.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

August 26.

QUAND le crépuscule emerge
A l'horizon empourpré,
Lorsque la brume asperge,
L'herbe onduleuse du pré.

C'est l'heure mystérieuse,
Doux prélude de la nuit,
Où l'âme se sent heureuse
Loin de la foule et du bruit.

O nuits pleines de mystères,
Je vous admire en tout lieu
Avec vos brises légères
Qui vibrent sous le ciel bleu!

Je vous aime avec vos astres
Qui même dans nos désastres,
Nous charment par leur clarté.

—*Eustache Prud'homme.*

August 25.

August 26.

August 27.

The night blows outward
In a mist,
And all the world
The sun hath kissed.

Along the golden
Rim of sky
A thousand snow-piled
Vapours lie.

And by the wood
And mist-clad stream
The maiden morn
Stands still to dream.

—*W. W. Campbell.*

August 28.

The deep-eyed night drew down to comfort him,
And lifted her great lids and mourned for him,
Foreknowing all his woe, and herself weak
To bend for him the indomitable fates;
And heavier dews wet all the trees and fields;
And sighs cool-drawn from infinite wells of space
Breathed round him, and from forth the unbowed hills
Came strength, and from the ocean essences
And influences to commune with him.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

August 27.

August 28.

August 29.

WHAT is this heart of ours
Throughout the dark and long despondent years?
A garden rank with faded flowers,
An urn brimful of bitter tears,
Our life with its proud record of high deeds
It choked with weeds.

We rise, and then we fall,
We stumble over pebbles in the way,
We hate and yet we love the thrall
Of sinful joys and gods of clay,
And our poor hearts can never firmly cling
To one good thing,

—John Lesperance.

August 30.

THE dross of life, men's vices and their failings,
Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay, just,
To strike with men a balance; to forgive,
If not forget, their evils for their good's sake,
Thus, cherishing the latter,
We shall grow rich in life's pure gold and lose
Only its base alloy, its dross and refuse.

—Charles Heavysege.

August 29.

August 30.

In half unconscious misty youth,
He heard the trembling voice of Truth
Speak to his secret soul;
And strangely, wildly, beat Life's flood,
Mysterious ecstasy of mood
Did anger and condole.
Within the carnal cage a bird
Its pinions plumed, its warblings stirred,
And fluttered towards the goal.

In sleep he heard the mystic voice
Whose music made his soul rejoice,
And glorified repose;
It seemed from the abyss of thought,
An under-current, wonder-fraught,
That dyingly arose:
For, purple-sailed, the ships of gold,
Like the ephemeral kings of old,
Rode on the billowy throes.

—*Archibald McAlpine Taylor.*

SUMMER is dead: shall we weep or laugh
As we gaze at the dead queen's epitaph,
Which Autumn has written in letters of gold?
She was bright and beautiful, blithe and young,
And through grove and meadow she gaily sung,
As with careless footsteps she danced along
To the grave where she now lies cold.

Shall we laugh as we stand at earth's palace door
With the faded crown that poor Summer wore,
And, placing it on her sister's brow,
Forget the face that once smiled beneath
The faded crown, and the flowery breath
That parted those lips now cold in death,
For Autumn is monarch now?

Summer is dead! shall we laugh or weep,
Is she really dead, or only asleep
With her sleeping garments on?
She only sleeps, and in meadow and grove
Again in gay dances her steps shall move,
But shall she come back with the friends we love?—
God knows, and His will be done.

—John Reade.

September.

September 1.

The long pine branches lightly bend
Above gray rocks with moss o'ergrown,
And rays of golden light descend
Aslant, on twisted root and stone,
All still and silent at our feet
Lies the broad river's glassy sheet.

No sounds the dreamy stillness break,
No echo o'er the lake is heard,
Save that the leaping fishes make,
Or twitter of a lonely bird:
And summer sweetness seems to stray
Confused through the September day.

—*Fidelis.*

September 2.

L'atmosphère dort, claire et lumineuse;
Un soleil ardent rougit les houblons
Aux champs, des monceaux de beaux épis blonds
Tombent sous l'effort de la moissonneuse,
Sonore et moqueur, l'écho des vallons
Répète à plaisir la voix ricaneuse
Du glaneur qui cherche, avec sa glaneuse,
Pour s'en revenir des sentiers plus longs;
Tout à coup éclate un bruit dont la chute
Retentit au loin, et que répercute
Du ravin profond, le vaste entonnoir.
Quelle est la raison de ce tintamarre?
C'est quelque chasseur qui de mare en mare
Poursuit la bécasse ou le canard noir!

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

September 1.

September 2.

September 3.

QUAND un chrétien se détermine
A voyager,
Faut bien penser qu'il se destine
A des dangers,
Mille fois à ses yeux la mort
Prend son image,
Mille fois il maudit son sort
Dans le cours du voyage.

September 4.

Quand tu seras dans les portages,
Pauvre engagé,
Les sueurs te couleront du visage,
Pauvre affligé!
Loin de jurer, si tu me crois,
Dans ta colère,
Pense à Jésus portant sa croix—
Il a monté au Calvaire!

—*Chanson Populaire.*

September 3.

September 4.

September 5.

THERE were no parting if there were no meeting,
There were no gladness if there were no grief,
After the bitterest anguish comes relief,
And after separation joyful greeting:
In spring we listen to the raptured beating
Of Nature's heart; then mourn the falling leaf,
And seek forgetfulness in garnered sheaf,
For sunny summer days, alas! too fleeting.

—A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE Land had put his ruddy gauntlet on
Of Harvest gold to dash in Famine's face.

—Isabella V. Crawford.

September 6.

. . . So, if we wish
To wind up pleasantly the skein of life,
The way is to endear ourselves to others,
And thus live in the memory of friends,
Which is that only after-life on earth
Which costs not war and orphans, tears and toil,
Racked brains by day, and vigils drear by night,
But may be bought by what a child can give,—
A smile, a word, a small sweet deed of kindness.

—Samuel Watson.

September 5.

September 6.

September 7.

Mille Iles, riante merveille,
Oasis sur les flots dormant,
Que l'on prendrait pour la corbeille,
Qu'apporte la main d'un amant.

Dans vos pittoresques asiles.
Trouvant la paix et le bonheur,
Je coulerais des jours tranquilles
En chantant du fond de mon cœur.

Ni l'orgueilleuse Andalousie,
Ni les rivages de Cadix,
Ni le royaume de Murcie,
Etincelant comme un rubis,

September 8.

Ni cette rive poétique
Où brillent Florence et Milan,
Ni Rome et son splendeur antique,
Ni Naples avec son volcan—

Ne sauraient jamais me redire
Ce que me disent vos échos,
Ce que soupire cette lyre
Qui chante au milieu des roseaux.

Bords, où les tombeaux de nos pères
Nous racontent le temps ancien ;
Vous seuls possédent ces voix chères
Qui font battre un cœur Canadien !

—*Octave C*

September 7.

September 8.

September 9.

An Alpine road bestrewn with stones and briars,
Too hard of climbing to be trodden much,
And lonelier as higher.

For he who treads must have no loves nor fears,
Save fear to swerve, and love of God's own Truth—
He must not pause for tears,

Nor turn aside for crag or precipice;
And if the path be blurred, shrink not to carve
A footing through the ice.

September 10.

But if he should attain, and passing by
The flower along the path, upreaching, grasp
The amaranth on high!

Then howsoever weary with the ascent,
And howsoever faint, his soul shall know
What all the labour meant,

And the low earth, with all its little themes,
Shall look so low and little, he will muse
How they could vex his dreams.

—Alice Horton.

September 9.

September 10.

September 11.

. . . A PIECE of French antique,
'Gainst which the waves of time, its blasts and storms,
Would seem to break in vain. . . .

—*N. Flood Davin.*

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan,
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—
A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.

September 12.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass'd into their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts;
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that valour claims and feeling's self imparts.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

September 11.

September 12.

September 13.

[QUEBEC FELL.]

"THEY run! they run!"—"Who run?" he cried,
As swiftly to his pallid brow,
Like crimson sunlight upon snow,
The anxious blood returned;
"The French! the French!" a voice replied,
When quickly paled life's ebbing tide,
And though his words were weak and low,
His eye with valour burned.
"Thank God! I die in peace," he said;
And calmly yielding up his breath,
There trod the shadowy realms of death
A good man and a brave.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

September 14.

QUI ne t'aimerait pas pour ta noble vaillance,
Montcalm, modèle des guerriers?
Emule de Bayard, tu tombas pour la France,
Comme lui couvert de lauriers.

—*L'Abbé N. Caron.*

WHERE flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town.
There, swift to meet the battle shock,
Montcalm rushed on, and eddying back
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track.
See now the shores with lumber brown
And girt with happy lands, which lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.

—*Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.C.M.G.*

September 13.

September 14.

September 15.

[Le Chateau-Bigot.]

Quatre murs écroulés, voilà tout ce qui reste
De ce riche manoir, de ce chateau funeste
Autrefois élevé par ordre d'un bourreau,
Ou le lâche Bigot, ce monstre â face humaine,
Venait boire le sang qui coulait de la veine
Du peuple Canadien mourant dans son berceau.

Plus d'un siècle est passé, l'édifice est à terre,
Et n'est plus qu'un amas réduit presqu'en poussière,
Qu'un décombre tremblant que l'on n'ose frapper.
Le temps qui détruit tout, enfin a fait son œuvre,
Dans ces débris l'on voit se glisser la couleuvre,
Où lâche s'est assis reptile peut ramper.

—*William Chapman.*

September 16.

Who wears the envied crown
Of deathless power?
Hark! they are crashing down,
Temple and tower.
A tarnish on the soldier's glittering sheath,
A mould upon the snowy bridal wreath,
Signs of decay,
For Oh! "the fashion of this world
Passeth away!"

—*Harriet Annie.*

September 15.

September 16.

September 17.

Not for the deed that's done is this our praise;
Not to the word that's written bow we down,
'Tis something greater far that we would crown!
The highest work a higher thought can raise.
When life is painted in some noble phase,
And skilful art has merited renown,
The artist to himself will sadly frown
To find how feebly he his thought conveys.
The picture's but a symbol from his hand
And symbolizes to *his* mind alone,
The fulness of his fancy's sunniest gleam,
. . . . . .
For hardly one shall catch the artist's dream.

—*Gowan Lea.*

September 18.

Voyez sur les remparts cette forme indécise,
Agitée et tremblante au souffle de la brise.
C'est le vieux Canadien à son poste rendu!
Le canon de la France a réveillé cette ombre,
Qui vient, sortant soudain de sa demeure sombre,
Saluer le drapeau si longtemps attendu.

Et le vieux soldat croit, illusion touchante.
Que la France longtemps de nos rives absente,
Y ramène aujourd'hui ses guerriers triomphants
Et que sur notre fleuve elle est encore maitresse;
Son cadavre poudreux tressaille d' allégresse,
Et léve vers le ciel ses bras reconnaissants.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

September 17.

September 18.

September 19.

Des rêves d' or berceront ton enfance,
Insoucieux tout te semblera beau.
Tu grandiras avec toi l'espérance,
Prisme trompeur qui nous suit au tombeau.
Plus tard enfin le temps impitoyable
Détruira tout, plaisirs, projets, bonheur.
Dors mon enfant ; ton rêve est agréable,
Bientot viendrait des pensers de douleur.

September 20.

Si le destin sur la terre étrangère
Guide tes pas bien loin de ton pays,
Ton verseras plus d' une larme amère,
Au souvenir de ces bords trop chèris.
Le haut rang même ou tu semblerais être
Perdra soudain à tes yeux sa splendeur.
Dors mon enfant ; le sol qui t'a vu naître
Sera toujours le pays de ton cœur.

—*François Zavier Garneau.*

September 19.

September 20.

September 21.

WHAT know I,
As I bite the blue veins of the throbbing sky,
To the quarry's breast,
Hot from the sides of the sleek smooth nest?

What know I
Of the will of the tense bow from which I fly!
What the need or jest,
That feathers my flight to its bloody rest.

September 22.

What know I
Of the will of the bow that speeds me on high?
What doth the shrill bow
Of the hand on its singing soul-string know?

Flame swift speed I—
And the dove and the eagle shriek out and die;
Whence comes my sharp zest
For the heart of quarry? The gods know best.

—Isabella V. Crawford.

September 21.

September 22.

September 23.

On either side, where birch and maples grow,
The young firs stand with eager hands below,
And catch the yellow dropping leaves, and hold
Them fast, as if they thought them dropping gold,
But fairy gold they'll find them on the morrow,
When their possessing joy shall turn to sorrow.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

September 24.

Parmi les voyageurs, lui y a de bons enfants,
Et qui ne manquent guère mais qui boivent souvent,
Et la pipe à la bouche, et le verre à la main,
Ils disent, camarades, versez-moi du vin.
Lorsque nous faisons rout la charge sur le dos,
En disant camarades, ah grand Dieu, qu'il fait chaud!
Que la chaleur est grande, il faut nous rafraichir
A la fin du voyage, on prendra du plaisir.
Ah, bon jour donc, Nannon, ma charmante Lison,
C'est à toi qui porte des souliers si mignonnes,
Garnis de rubans blancs par derrier par devant,
Ce sont des voyageurs qui t' en·ont fait présent.

—*Chanson Populaire.*

September 23.

September 24.

September 25.

When the heavens throb and vibrate
All along their silver veins,
To the mellow storm of music
Sweeping o'er the starry trains,
Heard by few, as erst by shepherds
On the far Chaldean plains:

Not the blazing torch-like planets,
Not the Pleiads wild and free,
Not Arcturus, Mars, Uranus,
Bring the brightest dreams to me,
But I gaze in rapt devotion
On the central star of three.

September 26.

Central star of three that tingle
In the balmy Southern sky,
One above and one below it,
Dreamily they pale and die;
As two lesser minds might dwindle
When some great soul, passing by,

Stops and reads thelr cherished secrets,
With a calm and godlike air,
Luring all their radiance from them—
Leaving a dim twilight there,
Something vague and half unreal,
Like the Alpha of despair.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

September 25.

September 26.

September 27.

Not in science, not in art,
Hives the balm for the poor heart:
We are bound, until made free
By the great humility!
Knowledge is the tree of woe,—
All your fathers found it so:
All philosophy is vain—
Be a little child again.

—*Alex. McLachlan.*

September 28.

So came the Autumn's ruddy prime,
And all my hopes, which had no morrow,
Like sea-weed cast upon the beach,
Like drift-wood barely out of reach
Of waves that were attuned to sorrow,
Lay lifeless on the strand of time.

—*George Martin.*

The south wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flow'rs and cast
His useless wampun, beaded with soft dews,
Far from him northward; his long ruddy spear
Flung seaward, whence it came, and his soft locks
Of warm, fine haze, grew silver as the birch.

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

September 27.

September 28.

September 29.

The earth hath its autumn glory,
But it seemeth all too soon
For the summer sunshine to pass away,
And the light of the summer moon.

All gone! So the heart dreams sadly,
Yet wherefore should'st thou repine,
When the Love that guides the season's course
Is a higher love than thine?

September 30.

A higher love and a wiser
Bids the summer come and go,
And the same hand that loosens the blossoms now
Shall banish the winter's snow.

In the daily round of duty
Lose sight of the present pain,
And look with a calm and hopeful heart
For the spring that shall come again!

—*Fidelis.*

September 29.

September 30.

HAIL the autumn's ripe fulfilling!
Heapèd orchard-baskets spilling
'Neath the laughter-shaken trees;
Fields of buckwheat, full of bees,
Girt with ancient groves of fir,
Shod with berried juniper,
Beech-nuts mid their russet leaves;
Heavy-headed nodding sheaves;
Clumps of luscious blackberries;
Purple clustered traceries
Of the cottage climbing vines;
Scarlet fruited eglantines;
Maple forests all aflame
When thy sharp-tongued legates came,

—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

October.

October 1.

Les feuilles des bois sont rouges et jaunes;
La forêt commence à se degarnir;
L'on se dit déjà: l'hiver va venir,
Le morose hiver de nos froides zones.

—L. H. Fréchette.

"It stirs my heart to hearken to the axe,
And hear the wintry crash of falling trees;
Ay, these fresh forests make an old man young."
"Oh yes!" said Max, with laughter in his eyes;
"And I do truly think that Eden bloomed
Deep in the heart of tall green maple groves,
With sudden scents of pine from mountain sides,
And prairies with their breasts against the skies."

—Isabella V. Crawford.

October 2.

The Autumn hills are golden at the top,
And rounded as a poet's silver rhyme;
The mellow days are ruby ripe, that drop
One after one into the lap of time.

The long day of the year is almost done,
And nature in the sunset musing stands,
Gray-robed and violet-hooded like a nun
Looking abroad o'er yellow harvest lands,

Empty and folded are her busy hands;
Her corn, and wine, and oil, are safely stored,
As in the twilight of the year she stands,
And with her gladness seems to thank the Lord.

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

October 1.

October 2.

October 3.

ALONG the shore, like huge fireflies
Revelling through the dark,
Many a fisher's light
Flashes and flames to-night,
At the prow of the gliding bark;
And the black smoke floats
From the pitch-pine knots
That light the swift spear to its mark.

October 4.

Glancing and dancing like shooting-stars,
Glimmering, gleaming bright,
Far up and down the bay,
In beautiful disarray,
They glide all this Autumn night;
Like auroral gleams
Flushing the streams,
As far as the eye can sight.

—Chas. Sangster.

October 3.

October 4.

October 5.

Parfois sur la route suivie
Dans ma course vers l' avenir,
J' essaie à remonter ma vie
Sur l'aile de mon souvenir.
Beaux jours de limpide innocence,
Où sont vos bonheurs ingénus ?
Rêves, chéris de mon enfance,
Hélas ! qu'êtes-vous devenus ?
Soleil de mes blondes années,
Combien n'as-tu pas, dans ton cours,
Laissé de pauvres fleurs fanées,
Sur la tombe de mes amours !

October 6.

Beaux jours où l'âme en son ivresse
Chercher des plaisirs inconnus ! . . . . . .
Rêves charmants de ma jeunesse,
Hélas ! qu'êtes-vous devenus ?
Souvent, lorsque mon front se penche
Sous le fardeau de mes ennuis,
Je vois comme une forme blanche
Qui hante mes jours et mes nuits.
Chimère longtemps poursuivie
Par tout de regrets superflus !—
Doux rêves qui doriez ma vie,
Hèlas ! vous ne reviendrez plus.

—L. H. Fréchette.

October 5.

October 6.

October 7.

AGAIN the Autumn smites the earth,
And dims the summer's light,
And drives the dying leaflets forth
Wasted with damp and blight.
They fly like cursèd things of ill,
Stricken and tempest-tossed,
And in the ominous gloom and chill,
Are trodden down and lost ;
Like dim forebodings in the soul,
A vague mist steals abroad,
And, like a muttered anguish, roll
The mournful winds of God!

—*Isidore Ascher.*

October 8.

N'EN doutons pas, il est des larmes dans les choses,
Et notre terre boit des oceans de pleurs,
C'est l'automne, et le ciel a pris des traits moroses,
Sous des nuages noirs il cache ses douleurs !
Les ronces des sentiers ont étouffé les roses ;
Dans les vallons jamais déperissent les fleurs ;
Les coroles des lis à peine sont écloses,
Qu'un orage flétrit leurs brillantes couleurs;
Le fleuve en soupirant raconte à ses rivages
De lugubres secrets et d'horribles naufrages ;
L'arbre se plaint, la brise a des gemissements,
Tout souffre et semble en proie à la lutte suprême,
Comme l'humanité, la nature elle-même,
À ses heures de deuil et ses abattements.

—*A. B. Routhier.*

October 7.

October 8.

October 9.

[L. H. Papineau.]

Lui, ce puissant tribun que la foule en demence
Saluait tous les jours d'une clameur immense,
Relégué désormais dans un monde idéal,
Drapé dans sa fierté qu'on croyait abattue,
Il dormait dans l'oubli, gigantesque statue
Arrachée à son piédestal!

Souvent, lorsque le soir de ses lueurs mourantes,
Dorait de l'Ottawa les vagues murmurantes,
Au-dessus des flots noirs, sur le coteau penchant,
Où l'aigle Canadien avait plié son aile,
On le voyait debout comme une sentinelle,
Regarder le soleil couchant.

October 10.

. . . . . .

Mystérieux échos du passé! les raffales
Lui jetaient comme un bruit de marches triomphales:
Puis son œil s'allumait d'une étrange clarté.
Aux éclats de la poudre, au son de la trompette
Il avait entendu claquer dans la tempête
Le drapeau de la liberté.

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

October 9.

October 10.

October 11.

Voyez; sur le vallon Octobre étend sa brume;
L'herbe est noire déjà, le lac, bordé d'écume;
Le jardin, sans bouvreuils.
Plus de genêts en fleurs, mêlés parmi les aunes!
La nuit des vents amers serrant de feuilles jaunes
Le givre sur les seuils.
Comme l'année, hélas, la vie a son automne,
Alors, tout, sous le ciel, nous semble monotone;
La joie aussi fait mal.....
Qu'ai-je dit? Oubliez ce propos si morose!
Dieux, vous êtes encore au printemps! l'heure est rose,
Allez ce soir au bal!

—Alfred Garneau.

October 12.

Upon this mountain-land I pause to view
The noble landscape glittering in the sun,
The crowded city with its suburb wide,
The villages, and then the rural homes.
Majestic, farther on, a river flows,
While many a wooded island dots its breast.

Close now my eyes upon the outer world,
Look forth my spirit, with an earnest gaze
Survey the long, dim vista of the years,
Does there appear to thee a sunset line—
A point where heaven and earth would seem to meet—
. . The soul's horizon. Is it not the tomb?

—Gowan Lea.

October 11.

October 12.

October 13.

[Brock.]

Some souls are the Hesperides
Heaven sends to guard the golden age,
Illuming the historic page
With records of their pilgrimage;
True martyr, hero, poet, sage;
And he was one of these.

Each in his lofty sphere sublime
Sits crowned above the common throng,
Wrestling with some Pythonic wrong,
In prayer, in thunder, thought, and song.
Briareus-limbed they sweep along,
The Typhons of the time.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

October 14.

Brothers,—who are the white people that we
Should fear them? They cannot run fast,
And are good marks to shoot at, they are only men;
Our fathers have killed many of them. We are not
Squaws, and we will stain the earth with their blood.
Brothers,—we must be united; we must
Smoke the same pipe, we must fight each
Other's battles, and, more than all, we must love the
Great Spirit; he is for us; he will destroy our
Enemies and make all his red children happy.

—*Tecumseh.*

October 13.

October 14.

October 15.

In verdured plains, walled by the mountain height,
Beside the running waters was his home,
Where rose scarce fewer than a countless flight
Of wing'd ones, north-bound when the spring has come,—
The painted tepees of his tribe. Close some
Stood neath the mount; some by the river's sands,
Where tethered danced in the in-eddying foam
The swift canoes—some staunch for war's demands;
Some of a grace with odorous cedar-wings,
But fitted for love's happy wanderings,
Bearing the love-led warrior proudly plumed,
And Indian maid clad in the softest doe,
Feathered and fringed, her olive breast illumed
With rustic gems, his gift, by daring brought
From nature's stores, o'er ways with danger fraught.

—*R. Rutland Manners.*

October 16.

A brave back-ground of mountains, grand sierras
That wear for half the year their hoods of snow,
But now are rosy-tipped with purple shadows.
The genius of the place is satisfying.

—*Hunter Duvar.*

I love these mountains, soaring in their pride.
No plants or herbs their shining feet conceal,
Where crags beneath a shroud of silver hide—
Crags which would blunt the stubborn ploughshare's steel.

The mountains yield us no prosaic gains,
Nought but their beauty, which enchants a few;
I love them better than the teeming plains,
So far from Heaven that God seems lost to view.

—*Geo. Murray.*

October 15.

October 16.

October 17.

WHERE the snow-world of the mountains
Fronts the sea-like world of sward,
And encamped along the prairies,
Tower the white peaks heavenward;
Where they stand, by dawn rose-coloured,
Or dim-silvered by the stars,
And behind their shadowed portals
Evening draws her lurid bars:
Lies a country whose sweet grasses
Richly clothe the rolling plain;
All its swelling upland pastures
Speak of Plenty's happy reign;

October 18.

There the bison-herd in autumn
Roamed wide sunlit solitudes,
Seamed with many an azure river
Bright in burnished maple woods.
Night-dews pearled the painted hide tents,
"Moyas" named that on the mead
Sheltered dark-eyed women wearing
Braided hair and woven bead.
Never man had seen their lodges,
Never warrior crossed the slopes
Where they rode and where they hunted
Imu bulls and antelopes.

—Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lorne K.C.M.G.

October 17.

October 18.

October 19.

Not in the quiet churchyard near those who loved them best,
But by the wild Saskatchewan they laid them to their rest;
A simple soldier's funeral in that lonely spot was theirs,
Made consecrate and holy by a nation's tears and prayers.
A few short prayers were uttered straight from their comrades'
hearts,
A volley fired in honour, and the company departs.

October 20.

Their requiem—the music of the river's surging tide,
Their funeral wreaths—the wild flowers that grow on every side,
Their monument—undying praise from each Canadian heart
That hears how, for their country's sake, they nobly bore their
part;
So, resting in their peaceful graves, beneath the prairie sod,
Enshrined in golden memories, we yield them up to God.

—*E. C. P.*

October 19.

October 20.

October 21.

No fabled land of joy and song is this
That lieth in the glow of eventide;
Not sung by bards of old in minstrel strain,
Yet he who reads its history shall learn
Of doughty deeds well worth all knightly fame.
It is a land of rivers flowing free,
Lake-mirrored mountains, rising proud and stern,—
A land of spreading prairies ocean wide,
Where harsh sounds slumber in the hush of gloom,
And peace hath brooded with outstretchèd wings.

October 22.

And here a mighty people shall arise,
A people nurtured in full liberty;
Yet, not forgetful of the Mother land
Who scans with kindly eye her child's career,
Wafting a blessing o'er the mighty sea.

. . . . . .

Such may thy future be—not great and lone
In never-sated commerce—rather great
In all that welds a people heart to heart;
Among thy sons may many a leader spring,
By whom the ship of state well piloted,
Thy haven of wide Empire thou may'st reach,—
An empire stretching from the western wave
To where the rosy dawn enflames the seas.

—J. H. Bowes.

October 21.

October 22.

October 23.

If seasons, like the human race, had souls,
Then two artistic spirits live within
The chameleon mind of Autumn—these
The poet's mentor, and the painter's guide.
The myriad-thoughted phases of the mind
Are truly represented by the hues
That thrill the forests with prophetic fires.
. . . . . .
What palette ever held the flaming tints
That on these leafy hieroglyphs foretell
How set the ebbing currents of the year?
. . . . . .
Autumn the poet, painter, and true king!
His gorgeous ideality speaks forth

October 24.

From the rare colours of the changing leaves,
And the ripe blood that swells his purple veins
Is as the glowing of a sacred fire.
He walks with Shelley's spirit on the cliffs
Of the ethereal Caucasus, and o'er
The summit of the Euganean hills;
And meets the soul of Wordsworth in profound
And philosophic meditation, wrapt
In some great dream of love towards
The human race. . . . .

—Chas. Sangster.

October 23.

October 24.

October 25.

One moment the slim cloud-flakes seem to lean
With their sad sunward faces aureoled,
And longing lips set downward, brightening
To take the last sweet hand kiss of the king,—
Gone down beyond the closing West acold,
Paying no reverence to the slender queen,
That, like a curvèd olive leaf of gold,
Hangs low in heaven rounded toward the sun;
Or the small stars that one by one unfold
Down the gray border of the night begun.

—*A. Lampman.*

October 26.

Birds that were gray, in the green are black in the yellow,
There, where the green remains, rocks one little fellow.

Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?
More than that, do you know that the yellow is showing?

Singer of songs, do you know that your youth is flying?
That age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?
More than that, do you know that the gray is showing?

—*Seranus.*

October 25.

October 26.

October 27.

. . . MAKE the stars thy friends,
Soar to their brilliant homes on wings of thought,
Or mould them to thy will upon the earth,
By careful study: like the falcon, mount
And strike the quarry in the circling air,
Though it quadruple thee in magnitude.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

ALONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

—*W. W. Campbell.*

October 28.

FOREVER burning, ever unconsumed,
Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
The autumn flames amid a sacred hush;
The forest glory never brighter bloomed.
Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere,
Fall faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
Of woodman's axe, the schoolboys' ringing cheer,
The watch-dog's bay, the crash of falling oak;
And gleam the apples 'mid the orchard trees,
Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

—*W. H. Withrow.*

October 27.

October 28.

October 29.

The trees rustle; the wind blows
Merrily out of the town,
The shadows creep, the sun goes
Steadily over and down.

The labourer toils in gray wise,
God-like, and patient, and calm;
The beggar moans, his bleared eyes
Measure the dust in his palm.

The wise man marks the flow and ebb;
Hidden and held aloof
In his deep mind is laid the web—
Shuttles are driving the woof.

—A. Lampman.

October 30.

. . . How bright and fair
Were this sad world, which still is beautiful,
If all men loved all others as themselves,
And weighed the present with the days to come,—
Causes with consequences. Happy dream,
Yet not a dream to all! Thank God for those
Whose hearts were drawn towards the whole wide world,
Who lived for all mankind, for every age.

—John Reade.

October 29.

October 30.

October 31.

And then, the Indian Summer, bland as June:
Some Tuscarora king, Algonquin seer,
Or Huron chief, returned to smoke the pipe
Of peace upon the ancient hunting grounds,
The mighty shade in spirit walking forth
To feel the beauty of his native woods,
Flashing in Autumn vestures, or to mark
The scanty remnants of the scattered tribes
Wending towards their graves. Few braves are left,
Few mighty hunters, fewer stately chiefs,
Like great Tecumseth fit to take the field,
And lead the tribes to certain victory,
Choosing annihilation to defeat:
But having run the gauntlet of their days,
This autumn remnant of some unknown race,
Nearing the winter of their sad decay,
Fall like dry leaves into the lap of Time;
Their old trunks sapless, their tough branches bare,
And Fate's shrill war-whoop thundering at their heels.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

Now Indian Summer's golden vapours fly,
And Nature dreams 'neath autumn's drowsy eye;
The changing forests in a gorgeous blaze
Of glory, end their transient Summer days;
The flush of fading verdure, like the streak
Of beauty on Consumption's dying cheek,
Paints all the woods, and fills the deep arcades
Of vari-coloured leaves with glowing shades
Serene and holy, as the rays divine
That through the pictured panes of some old Minster shine.

The beech and sycamore in robes of gold
Await their doom like Egypt's queen of old;
The spreading chestnut tints of orange throws,
And brilliant scarlet on the maple glows;
The prouder oaks blush with a deeper red,
Abashed that they their leafy vestments shed,
But the tall pine, however seasons range,
Clad in eternal green braves every change—
Mid fading nature rising stern and grand,
The type and emblem of the forest land.

—*William Kirby.*

November.

November 1.

Y'LA l' automne qu' est arrivé.
Tous les voyageurs vont monter.
Nous n'irons plus voir nos blondes,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!

Pauv' voyageur, que t'as de la misère!
Souvent tu couches par terre;
A la pluie au mauvais temps,
A la rigueur de tous les temps!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!

—Chanson Populaire.

November 2.

NOR will He who forgets not any weed
That blooms its little life in forest shade,
And dies when it hath cast its ripened seed,
Forget the human creatures He has made,
Frail as they are and full of infinite need.

Now like a sheaf of golden arrows fall
The last rays of the Indian Summer sun;
And hark! along the hollow hills they run,
Invisible messengers, the battle call
Of coming storms, in pipings faint and small,
They bring:—the pageant of the year is done.

—Kate Seymour Maclean.

November 1.

November 2.

November 3.

J'AIME ces soirs d'automne et leur pâle beauté.

. . . . . .

Je sens que l'âme est plus legère
Devant cette nature ou rien n'est tourmentè;
Et les étoiles d' or gravitant dans leur sphère
Me semblent doucement s'approcher de la terre
Et sourire à l'humanité.

—J. A. P. Prendergast.

November 4.

Now out of woodland copse and cover,
Dies the Summer as died the Spring,
And days of delight for lover and lover,
And buds that blossom and birds that sing;
And southward over our inland sea
Have vanished the humming-bird and the bee;
Fleet on the blast the dead leaves hover,
Loud in the forest the axe-strokes ring.

—Chas. P. Mulvany.

November 3.

November 4.

November 5.

MATRON AUTUMN, with face brown flushing,
Shakes the last ripe fruit to our feet;
Wines from apple and grape are gushing—
Winter's solace from summer's sweet,
And the rain-swollen river is unto her
Of December's feast-day the harbinger,
When down the rapids the logs are rushing,
When the lumberers' camps in the forest meet.

—Chas. P. Mulvany.

November 6.

COMME au soleil levant s'enfuit la brume d'or,
Comme au souffle du soir vole une feuille d'arbre,
L'été vers le passé vient de prendre l'essor
Et Novembre est venu jeter son froid de marbre.

—William Chapman.

IN this shrill moon the scouts of winter ran
From the ice-belted north, and whistling shafts
Struck maple and struck sumach—and a blaze
Ran swift from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough,
Till round the forest flashed a belt of flame,
And inward licked its tongues of red and gold,
To the deep trancèd inmost heart of all.

—Isabella V. Crawford.

November 5.

November 6.

November 7.

When harvests all are home, and, piping loud,
November winds drive past the racking cloud ;
The country sports begin, and changing round
From house to house, the festal nights resound.
As evening wears, from all the neighbouring groves,
The youths and maidens come in merry droves ;
The forest paths re-echo with their glee,
And mirth anticipates the jovial *bee*.

—*William Kirby.*

November 8.

Il fait froid ! il fait froid ! poëte, c'est l'automne
Avec son ciel brumeux qui bientôt va venir ;
L'été comme un spectre sous son manteau frissonne:
Il fait froid ! il fait froid ! les oiseaux vont partir.

. . . . . .

Les voix que nous aimions, elles vont donc se taire ?.....
Par pitié, prends ton luth ; ton chant seul peut nous plaire,
Les oiseaux n'étant plus dans nos bois pour chanter.

—*Eudore Evantuel.*

November 7.

November 8.

November 9.

I'd rather mould one burning star of thought,
Whose light would centre in some darkened mind,
Make some lone heart a peopled universe,
Lit by the smile of God's unmeasured love,
Than sway the sceptres of an hundred thrones,
Or boast the wealth of Crœsus ten times told.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

November 10.

Par la brise d'automne à la forêt volée
Une feuille d'érable erre dans la vallée,
Papillon fantastique aux ailes de carmin !
Un enfant qui folâtre au pied de la colline,
S'élance pour saisir cette feuille divine :
Enfin, la feuille est dans sa main.

Ne méprisez pas, je vous prie,
Cette feuille rouge et flétrie,
Léger débris de la forêt :
Dieu la chérit, puis qu'il l'a faite !
Pour cet enfant déjà poète
Cette feuille—pour nous muette—
Porte du beau quelque reflet.

—*M. l'Abbé Apollinaire Gingras.*

November 9.

November 10.

Annie L. Smith.

November 11.

. . . . . .

J'AI, sur un gueridon, tout près de ma fenêtre,
Un petit rosier blanc entr'ouvert à demi,
Pauvre fleur solitaire en qui je vois renaître,
Dans un lointain vermeil, le printemps endormie.

Ainsi, quand vient pour nous l'automne de la vie,
Une seule vertu suffit pour l'embellir
Et prêter son parfum à l'âme endolerie,
En attendant l'avril qui ne doit pas finir.

—*Napoléon Legendre.*

November 12.

THE silver fangs of the mighty axe,
Bit to the blood of our giant boles;
It smote our breasts and smote our backs,
Thundered the front cleared leaves—
As sped in fire,
The whirl and flame of scarlet leaves,
With strong desire
Leaped to the air our captive souls.

. . . . .

We, freed souls of the trees, looked down
On the river's shining eyes of brown.

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

November 11.

November 12.

November 13.

. . . . . .

THE woods that are golden and red for a day
Girdle the hills in a jewelled case,
Like a girl's strange mirth, ere the quick death slay
The beautiful life that he hath in chase.
Darker and darker the shadows pace
Out of the north to the southern sands,
Ushers bearing the winter's mace:
Keep them away with your woven hands.

November 14.

The yellow light lies on the wide wastes gray,
More bitter and cold than the winds that race
From the skirts of the autumn, tearing away,
This way and that way, the woodland lace.
In the autumn's cheek is a hectic trace;
Behind her the ghost of the winter stands;
Sweet summer will moan in her soft gray place;
Mantle her head with your glowing hands.

ENVOI.

Till the slayer be slain and the spring displace
The might of his arms with her rose-crowned bands,
Let her heart not gather a dream that is base;
Shadow her head with your golden hands.

—A. Lampman.

November 13.

November 14.

November 15.

"Bite deep and wide, O axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?"

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of things!

"For every silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

"Bite deep and wide, O axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me."

"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head!

"His crown the very Heav'ns shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might!"

"Bite deep and wide, O axe, the tree;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!"

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

November 16.

A nous les bois et leurs mystères,
Qui pour nous n'ont plus de secret!
A nous le fleuve aux ondes claires
Où se reflète la forêt!
A nous l'existence sauvage,
Pleine d'attraits et de douleurs!
A nous les sapins dont l' ombrage
Nous rafraîchit dans nos labeurs.
Dans la forêt et sur la *cage*
Nous sommes trente voyageurs.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

November 15.

November 16.

November 17.

Aviez-vous éprouvé la malice des hommes ?
Ou plutôt, trouviez-vouz qu'ici bas nous ne sommes
Qu' un jouet d'un instant dans les mains du malheur ?
Aviez vous donc appris que l'existence avide,
Hélas ! ne pouvait pas combler l'immense vide,
De ce gouffre sans fond que l'on nomme le cœur ?

November 18.

Venus bien apres vous dans cette sombre arène
Où partout le douleur domine en souveràine,
Nous avions moins vécu, nous avions moins souffert,
Déjà l' illusion à notre espoir ravie
A fuit loin de nos cœurs et nous trouvons la vie
Plus aride que le désert.

—*Octave Crémazie.*

November 17.

November 18.

November 19.

A song begun—begun, but never ended;
A rose-tree that has never borne a rose;
A love that with no other love has blended;
A story with beginning but no close;

A life half lived, its duties half completed;
A soul that never joined with other soul;
An army, ere it ever fought, defeated;
A racer started that ne'er reached the goal;

A picture merely sketched but never painted;
A sky from which the sunlight all has fled:
The tint of purity grown soiled and tainted;
A hope half uttered, and so, wholly dead!

November 20.

Had fate been kinder, then the song were finished,
The picture painted, and the story told,
And love through want of love had ne'er diminished,
Nor hope had vanished, growing dead and cold.

So runs the tale, the pitiful, sad story,
So sad, so frequent—then why try at all?
So dimly shaded lies the road to glory,
Why make endeavour that will likely fall?

Glory is dross! The nobler aim is duty.
This freely do thou do; forego the rest!
The honest *purpose* makes the truest beauty—
What matter if thou fail? Do but thy *best!*

—Frederick A. Dixon.

November 19.

November 20.

November 21.

L'AUTOMNE est accourru. L' horizon est grisâtre.
L' oiseau ne chante pas dans le rameau mourant,
Le soleil verse à peine une lueur rougeâtre,
Et l' arbre désolé jette sa feuille au vent.
Plus de concerts sans fin sur le flot qui folâtre !
Plus de courses aux bois où j'allai si souvent !
Les soirs tristes et longs me voient auprès de l'âtre,
Savourant à loisir quelque drame émouvant.
Mais, parfois en lisant—le volume m'échappe,
Et puis je me surprends rêvait de cette étape.
Que nous avons franchie autrefois tous les deux,
Alors, songeant aux jours où nous vivions ensemble,
J' essuie à ma paupière une larme qui tremble ;
Car, vois tu, mon ami, je me sens déjà vieux.

—*William Chapman.*

November 22.

WHO curseth sorrow knows her not at all.
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul
Has its last birth ; whence, with its misty thews,
Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out ;
Strong for immortal toil up such great heights,
As crown o'er crown rise through eternity,
Without the loud deep clamour of her wail,
The iron of her hands, the biting brine
Of her black tears, the soul but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to chaos in soft, gilded dreams,
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun.

—*Isabella V. Crawford.*

November 21.

November 22.

November 23.

Il fait bien noir. J'entends siffler la brise :
Le vent d' automne effeuille mon noyer ;
Mon chien sommeille et ma braise agonise :
Il fait bien noir, ce soir, à mon foyer !
Ces blancs flocons qui tombent en silence ?
C' est de la neige,—ou plutôt de l'ennui !
Chantons mon âme, un hymne à l' espérance :
Car il fait noir,—Oh ! bien noir aujourd'hui !

Enfants ! l'été sous les riants bocages,
Faites captifs d'éclatants papillons.
L' automne, enfants peuplez d'oiseaux vos cages :
Les blancs frimas vont charger leurs buissons.

November 24.

Mais prenez garde à votre insouciance,
Et dans vos coeurs, pleins de fleurs et de miel,
Enfants, târdez d'encager l'espérance :
Car l'espérance est un oiseau du ciel.

Il neige encore. Mais à travers son voile,
Le ciel se teint d'une rose lueur.
Dans le brouillard je distingue une etoile,
Et mon brasier pètille avec humeur.
D' un givre d'or mon vitrail se nuance :
Tout me sourit—l'hiver et l'avenir !
O douce fée ! O riante espérance !
Merci ! Merci !—Laisse-moi te bénir !

—M. L'Abbé Apollinaire Gingras.

November 23.

November 24.

November 25.

ONCE again!—to the days of the barons of old,
When the flagons of silver blazed bright on the board,
And the bacchanal roared,
Amid bucklers, and banners, and baldricks of gold,
And fierce beauty that flashed back the light of the sword,
Till the spears shook aloft their red fingers of steel,
And the hollow mail clattered and cheered on the walls
Through the echoing halls;
While the minstrels broke in and so maddened the peal,
That the broad-breasted steeds neigh'd aloud in their stalls;
And the revel at last rang so furiously out,
That the arrows, close packed, almost sung in their sheaves
Among helmets and greaves,
Falchions, bows, and petards that, all scattered about,
Strewed the dark, oaken floor of the castle, like leaves.

November 26.

When the lord of the wassail rose, flushed to the brow,
And swinging his massive cup high in the air,
In the torches' broad glare,
Pledged the land of the holly and mistletoe bough,
And quaffed long to the brave, and quaffed deep to the fair,
While adown to the sea turret, tower and spire.
Poured a full-throated peel from each deep, iron lung;
And the yule log's red tongue
Licked the huge, stony chops of its cavern of fire,
As the flame through its murky throat thundered and sung;
And the haughty retainers stood up in a line,
Before great smoking haunches, and lustily cheered
When the boar's head appeared.
And arose from the feast with their beards drenched with wine;
Till the revelry died away, weary and weird.

—James McCarroll.

November 25.

November 26.

November 27.

Woe! Woe!
Hearken ye!
We are diminished,
The cleared land has become a thicket:
Woe! Woe!
They are in their graves,
They who established it,—
The great League,
Yet they declared
It should endure—
The great League!
Woe!
Their work has grown old.
Woe!
Thus are we become miserable.

—*Iroquois Book of Rites.*

November 28.

[FOUNDER OF MILWAUKEE.]

Juneau, so fair, and whose wit was so keen,
Came here in the year 1818;
An Indian trader of fame and renown,
Lived on the east side, called Juneau's town;
And, in fact, was the king of the place,
So manly and bold, with a dark hazel eye,
Always told you the truth, and never a lie;
The pioneer man of his race.

[HISTORICAL.]

The relics of the past are in decay;
Another people owns the land to-day,
And everywhere the word progression is engraved,
But still a name most dear to memory;
De Langlade's is and ever more will be
A noble name by History's bright annals saved.

November 27.

November 28.

November 29.

Les ombres planent sur la ville,
La fumée au-dessus des toits
Dans l'air vaporeux et tranquille
S'élève et s'étend à la fois ;
De temps en temps se fait entendre
Un bruit des machines pesant,
Ou bien une voix douce et tendre
Au sein du bal éblouissant.

Pourquoi suis-je mélancholique!
Devant ces spectacles divers,
Mon âme autrefois pacifique,
Est soudain remuée ainsi qu'un flot des mers!

November 30.

C'est que, quand viennent les ténèbres
Sur la ville se replier,
Elle porte en ses plis funèbres
Le symbole de l'homme entier :
De l'homme avec son harmonie,
Et ce qu'il a de discordant ;
De l'homme avec tout son génie,
De l'homme avec tout son néant.

—*E. Prud'homme.*

November 29.

November 30.

BRIGHT in the south now beams the god of day,
And tin-clad roofs return the sparkling ray;
From every chimney silvery vapours rise,
In whitening eddies to the deep blue skies.
The cold snow creaks the passing foot beneath;
White on his eyebrow hangs the traveller's breath;
The sallow cheek with deepest crimson glows,
And mocks the paleness of surrounding snows.
Frost o'er the scene in chilling splendour reigns,
And binds St. Laurence in his icy chains;
From bank to bank rough fields of ice extend,
Save one dark lake whence steaming mists ascend,
As if the waters breathed. The cariole now
Speeds on its way beneath the tall ship's bow;
The red-tuqued *habitants* the market throng,
With noisy jokes and rough old Norman song;
The frozen meats now choke the crowded way,
And "coldly furnish forth" the well-fill'd sleigh;
Hard-hearted greens have felt stern "winter's flaws;"
Geese, turkeys, fowls, confess his "biting laws;"
To brittle fish the grating saw's applied,
And brandished axes solid milk divide.

—*G. W. Wicksteed.*

December.

December 1.

Je crois au Rédempteur, je crois en sa parole,
Moi, je suis ignorant, je m'en rapporte à lui ;
Je médite, et je tiens ma raison dans son rôle.
L'erreur est mon plus grand ennui.

—Louis Riel.

How desolate his poverty of soul
Who has been sailing towards that silent shore
Whose shades the gleams of earthly hope cannot
Dispel, with selfish Folly at the helm !
. . . The lamps that lit his way
Go out as night and darkness gather round.

—Rev. E. H. Dewart.

December 2.

But Winter comes out of desolate places,
And the days decline and the nights endure,
And the rich men grind the poor men's faces.
Fuel grows dearer and food less sure,
And the luxury of the proud and great
Lets Lazarus starve at Lord Dives' gate ;
And the cry of the poor of Christ disgraces
Our Christianity's caricature.

—Chas. P. Mulvany.

December 1.

December 2.

December 3.

L'INCONNU trônait là dans sa grandeur première,
Splendide et tacheté d'ombres et de lumière,
Comme un reptile immense au sôleil engourdi,
Le vieux Meschacebé, vierge encore de servage
Dépliait ses anneaux de rivage en rivage
Jusques aux golfes du midi.

. . . . . .

Fier de sa liberté, fier de ses flots sans nombre,
Fier du grand pin touffu qui lui jette son ombre,
Le Roi des eaux n'avait encore en aucun lieu
Où l'avait promené sa course vagabonde,
Déposé le tribut de sa vague profonde
Que devant le soleil et Dieu !.....

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

"LE Canadien mêlait
Ses chants d'amour et ses refrains joyeux."

—*M. A. Plamondon.*

December 4.

DOWN the St. Lawrence winter storms begin,
Deep, deep the snows and hard the frost sets in;
The smaller streamlets first to cease to flow,
And often buried in the drifting snow.
The "habitant" with capote snug and warm,
Drives his rude sleigh and battles with the storm;
His smart, small palfreys gallop gaily by
The well-filled barns that near the road may lie;
He pours his *patois* French in ditties gay,
And love or war beguiles the whitened way.

—*J. K. Liston.*

December 3.

December 4.

December 5.

'Tis true no scent of flowers nor hymn
Of forest songsters free,
Nor aught of beauty, marks the time
Of thy nativity,—

Yet in thy presence, dear, to me
'Tis summer all the while;
Yea, more than all its charms I see
In thy love-lighted smile!

Hail then unto thy natal day!
And ever with it be
Affection—friendship's warmest ray,
And health and wealth to thee.

—Evan MacColl.

December 6.

Oh! la neige, la belle neige!
Voltigeant partout sous les cieux,
A tout passant faisant cortège
De ses flocons blancs et soyeux.
Elle nous baigne la figure
Dans ses éblouissants cristaux,
Cette neige fraiche et si pure
Qui doit pourtant se fondre obscure,
Avec le fange des ruisseaux.

—Napoleon Légendre.

December 5.

December 6.

December 7.

SLOWLY the stars rise, one by one,
Rise and sink till the night is done.

Came the shuddering dawn of day,
But the singing had died away,

The frozen bird on the frozen bough
Perched, and its singing was silenced now.

Silenced! and yet when the wind is still,
And the pines make music along the hill;

When the new-blown snow in the light of day
Glistens as naught but the new snow may;

December 8.

When the warm breath stiffens upon the cheek,
And the cold cuts short half the words we speak;

When the ice is a good foot thick or more,
And we hear the voice on the other shore:

Then,—for all that the bird is dead,
And its thrilling love-song silencèd,—

We hear its voice from the frozen bough.
Listen! and you may hear it now!

. . . . . .

Each good deed, and each sweet, true song,
Finds an echo our whole life long.

—Francis Rye.

December 7.

December 8.

December 9.

Did ever on painter's canvas live
The power of his fancy's dream?
Did ever poet's pen achieve
Fruition of his theme?
Did marble ever take the life
That the sculptor's soul conceived?
Or ambition win in passion's strife,
What its glowing hopes believed?
Did ever racer's eager feet
Rest as he reached the goal,
Finding the prize achieved, was meet
To satisfy the soul?

—*Daniel Wilson.*

December 10.

Je songe à toi quand se déroule
Le nuage au-dessus des monts,
Le vent le presse et le refoule,
Lutte gigantesque à tout croule,
Derrière les noirs horizons.

Je songe à toi lorsque Décembre
Blanchit les gothiques carreaux.
Quand le fagot embaumé d'ambre
Que l'on allume dans ma chambre
Fait fondre leurs brilliants cristaux.

—*E. Prud'homme.*

December 9.

December 10.

December 11.

Ils sont beaux nos grands bois quand le printemps fleurit,
Et vient les revêtir de leurs riches toilettes
Mais qu'ils changent d'aspect lorsque l'hiver blanchit
Leurs membres, décharnés comme de grands squelettes!

—*A. B. Routhier.*

O cold north wind from the Polar Seas,
Thy breath congeals lake, brook, and river;
You strip the leaves from the tallest trees,
And make them bend, and sigh, and quiver!

—*John Imrie.*

December 12.

Sharp is the frost, the Northern Light
Flickers and shoots its streamers bright;

Snow-drifts cumber the untracked road;
Bends the pine with its heavy load;

Each small star, though it shines so bright,
Looks half pinched with the cold to-night,

Longing after its summer skies
Where it swam, soft as angel's eyes.

—*Francis Rye.*

Through the pines of the north the dark Wind-singer strode,
As he hummed the first notes of a gale;
While a ghostly white cloud of cold dust swept the road,
Rushing downwards to smother the vale.

—*James McCarroll.*

December 11.

December 12.

December 13.

THOU who smilest in thy freshness,
Bright as bud in morning dew,
Keep this thought in thy heart's bower:
"*Ever turn, like sunward flower,*
To the Good, the Fair, the True."

—*W. D. Lighthall.*

IN thought there must be false and true,—
There must be wrong and right in deed;
Yet truth should value what we do,
As highly as a lifeless creed.
The thoughts despised, as new or strange,
May yet in regal triumph reign,
The form and garb of truth may change,
And yet the inner life remain.

—*Rev. E. H. Dewart.*

December 14.

CACHE, cache, ma gentille,
Sous ta légère mantille,
Ta prunelle qui pétille,
Son beau grand œil tout rêveur,
Sous ta lèvre demi-close
Cache ton baiser de rose,
Afin que personne n'ose
En deviner la sauveur.

—*L. H. Fréchette.*

December 13.

December 14.

December 15.

Blow the bellows—faster, faster,
In the busy forge of life;
Heap the coals on—higher, higher,
Sevenfold heat for sevenfold strife!

In this forge must ore be melted,
Out of which, with curious plan,
And incessant toil, to fashion
And build up the perfect man.

Here must thought be shaped to action,
Passion moulded into will;
And upon time's batter'd anvil,
Every blow be dealt with skill.

December 16.

Oft the metal must be heated
In temptation's burning glow;
Oft be cooled in baths of sorrow
Filled from founts of deepest woe,

Ere, with temper firm, yet pliant,
Heart to feel and head to plan,
Stamped with God's approving impress,
We can say, "Behold a man!"

Blow the bellows—faster, faster,
In the busy forge of life;
Heap the coals on—higher, higher,
Sevenfold heat for sevenfold strife!

—Jennie E. Haight.

December 15.

December 16.

December 17.

A FU' purse and an empty heart
Owre often gang thegither.
What signifies our fields' increase,
If our affections wither?
What tho' my coat may be threadbare,
And maybe a bit hole in 't?—
If my heart's hale and conscience clear,
My life may hae some soul in 't.

—*Alex. McLachlan.*

December 18.

To improve the world we live in,
Folded arms will never do;
He who hopeth all from Heaven
Wrongs himself and Heaven too.

He who prayeth less than toileth
For the good time long delayed,
Never faileth Heaven to smile on
All who thus its advent aid.

—*Evan MacColl.*

December 17.

December 18.

December 19.

To all, God gives the Book of Life,
A pure white page turned o'er ;
O let us wage a ceaseless strife,
And fight as ne'er before
For the glorious prize, the victor's crown,
Glad when the goal is won,
At the Master's feet to cast it down,
And hear His sweet, "Well done."

—Mary J. MacColl.

CREATION'S puzzle! false and true,
The light and dark, the old and new,
The slave, and yet the sovereign too,
Angel and demon, Nero, Paul,
And creeping things upon the wall,—
I am the brother of them all.

—Alex. McLachlan.

December 20.

I WOULD not pray for lengthened days,
For those whom most I cherish,
For earth has not in all its ways
A hope that will not perish.
The eye that reads from youth to age
The Book of Life, will find the page
A dull evented story ;
The chime that rings our marriage bell
Will also toll our passing knell,
When perishes our glory.

—Carroll Ryan.

December 19.

December 20.

December 21.

Comme le dit un vieux adage—
Rien n'est si beau que son pays,
Et de la chanter, c'est l'usage,
Le mien, je chante à mes amis.
L'étranger voit avec un œil d'envie,
Du Saint-Laurent, le majestueux cours;
A son aspect, le Canadien s'écrie,
O, Canada! mon pays! mes amours,
Mon pays, mon pays, mes amours!

December 22.

Le Canadien, comme ses pères,
Aime à chanter, à s'égayer;
Doux, aisé, vif en ses manières,
Poli, galant, hospitalier.
A son pays il ne fut jamais traitre,
A l'esclavage, il résista toujours;
Et sa maxime est la paix, le bien-être
Du Canada, son pays, ses amours,
Son pays, son pays, ses amours!

—*Hon. M. G. E. Cartier.*

December 21.

December 22.

December 23.

The birthday of the Christ-child dawneth slow
Out of the opal east in rosy flame,
As if a luminous picture in its frame—
A great cathedral window, toward the sun,
Lifted a form divine, which still below
Stretched hands of benediction—even so
Look on us from the heavens, divinest One!
And let us hear through the slow moving years,
Long centuries of wrongs, and crimes, and tears,
The echo of the angels' song again,
Peace and good will, good will and peace to men.

—*Kate Seymour Maclean.*

December 24.

La veille de Noël, entre sept et huit heures,
Du soir les ouvriers sortent de leurs demeures,
Le collet reléve jusqu'au menton—et puis
Vont chez le pâtissier acheter des biscuits
Pour leurs petits enfants, des cornets de dragées,
Les vitrines alors sont si bien arrangée
Qu'on entre malgré soi. C'est cher. L'oncompte bas,
L'on achete, et l'on prend le paquet sous son bras,
En effaçant le prix—pour mieux tromper sa femme.
L'on rétourne au logis; les tisons sont en flamme.
L'on se couche en fumant; l'on s'endort aussitôt.
Et puis le lendemain on s'éveille en sursaut;
C'est bébé qui vous pousse avec sa jambe nue,
En vous criant—Papa, tiens, la fée est venue!

—*Eudore Evanturel.*

December 23.

December 24.

December 25.

[Christmas Day.]

'Tis Christmas Day!—
To one another
I hear men say—
Alas! my Brother,
Its winds blow bitter,
Our Christmas suns
No longer glitter
As former ones!—
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
From long ago
Surcease of sorrow;—
Let dead Yules lend
Their bright reflections,
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections—
Let Love revive
Joy's ashen embers,
For Love is Life
Since Love remembers.

—*Earl of Dufferin.*

The moon that now is shining, in skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth, the azure air was still;
The sheep in quiet clusters lay upon the grassy hill.

—*Emily Martin.*

December 25.

December 26.

"Whence art thou, my maiden,
Whence art thou?"
"I come from the stable,
Where this very night,
I, a shepherd maiden,
Saw a wondrous sight."

"What saw'st thou, my maiden,
What saw'st thou?"
"There, within the manger,
A little babe I saw,
Lying softly sleeping
On the golden straw."

—*William McLennan.*

December 27.

How great unto the living seem the dead!
How sacred, solemn; how heroic grown;
How vast and vague, as they obscurely tread
The shadowy confines of the dim unknown!
For they have met the monster that we dread,
Have learned the secret not to mortal shown.
E'en as gigantic shadows on the wall
The spirit of the daunted child amaze,
So on us thoughts of the departed fall,
And with phantasma fill our gloomy gaze.

—*Chas. Heavysege.*

December 26.

December 27.

December 28.

We only know that we are here,
That life is brief and death is sure;
That it is noble to endure,
And keep the eye of conscience clear.
Will love and knowledge ever cure
The evils of this troubled sphere?

—*George Martin.*

December 29.

Encore un an que passe et fuit,
Pendant qu' à l'horizon le nouvel an s'avance,
Rejetant d'un coup d'aile à l'immuable nuit
Un lambeau de notre existence.

Pauvres mortels, faut-il pleurer
L'an qui vient de finir ou celui qui va naître?
D'ombre ou bien de soleil Dieu va-t-il l'entourer?
De cela lui seul est le maître.

Mais pourquoi tant s'inquiéter?
Ces jours de l'avenir, en verrons-nous l'aurore?
Pèlerins ici-bas, nous voulons arrêter,
Et le Seigneur dit; marche encore!

—*Napoleon Légendre.*

December 28.

December 29.

December 30.

LIKE a wail on the desolate sea shore that cold wild gust of December
Makes moan round the gable at midnight, the last of the year,
And like the grin of a ghost, the light of the smouldering ember,
Flits in my empty face and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O where are the dreams that we dreamed, and where the delirious follies
We loved when the insects fluttered in the warmth and fragrance of May?
And where are the vows that we made—those clusters of fiery hollies,
Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

Such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges
From one extreme to the next; the rise and ebb of the soul;
And what is our bliss 'mid it all? Why always to change with the changes,
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Then to-night I will chase my sorrow with that last wild gust of December,
The gloom where I sit is gone, and the gleams of the morning appear;
The past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the future rises before me in the flush of the dawning year.

—John Lesperance.

December 30.

December 31.

Oh motley life! Oh chequered scene!
A riddle-world of dreams and doubts,
We dare not trust our latest thoughts,
We nothing know but what has been!
Moaneth the skies, like stricken souls,
My practised sense can hear the ghouls
Of centuries rushing from the poles—
Old year, what mean these spectral shoals!

Oh! cold and heartless is the wind,
And colder are the heartless stars,
White Death within their icy cars,
And Darkness clambering up behind.
The cold moon smiles more coldly still,
Colder each frozen mount and hill,
Bleak rolls the storm, the snow-flakes chill—
Old year, why standest thou so still?

Gather thy robes about thy limbs,
Remember thy ancestral fame,
Pass bravely on to whence you came,
While shouts the storm its passion-hymns.
So! thou hast vanished like a king,
Thou hast found Death a living thing
To which brave souls most bravely cling—
See! where he sits—a Spirit-King.

—*Chas. Sangster.*

VERY, very far from our dull earth,
The land where poets spring to glorious birth.

Thrice blessed land, where brood thrice happy skies,
Where he increaseth joy who groweth wise;

Where truth is not too beautiful to see,
Action is music, life a harmony.

There dwells the poet, till some luckless day
Prisons his spirit in our coarser clay,

And in our dull and dusty commonplace,
He loses mem'ry of his name and race.

Till some bird twitters from a wayside thorn,
The language of the land where he was born.

Or west winds whisp'ring to the tall pine trees,
Waken his soul to wonder, or he sees

In some first fairness when the day is new,
In some dear dimness i' the time o' the dew,

A loveliness that steals about his heart,
And lays soft fingers on dumb chords that start.

Then he uprises joyously and binds
His poets' robes upon him, yea, he finds

This drear existence a most glorious thing
And sings because he cannot choose but sing.

—*Sara Jeannette Duncan.*

En finissant,
Cette année mon respect est ferme
En finissant
Aussi bien qu' en recommençant,
A vous mon principe et mon terme
Par vous je l'ourve, et je la ferme
En finissant.

En finissant
Jusqu' à la mort je vous proteste,
En finissant
Mon respect toujours plus ardent,
C'est le doux espoir qui me reste,
Et c'est le ciel, que j'en atteste
En finissant.

—1778, *Couplets du jour de l' an—Quebec paper.*

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Wicksteed, Gustavus W.—Law Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa; "Waifs in Verse," a brilliant, amusing, and instructive little volume; Mr. Wicksteed's great age (over 80) does not prevent him from still indulging in the writing of excellent verse and occasional translations of great merit, 118, 164, 372.
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